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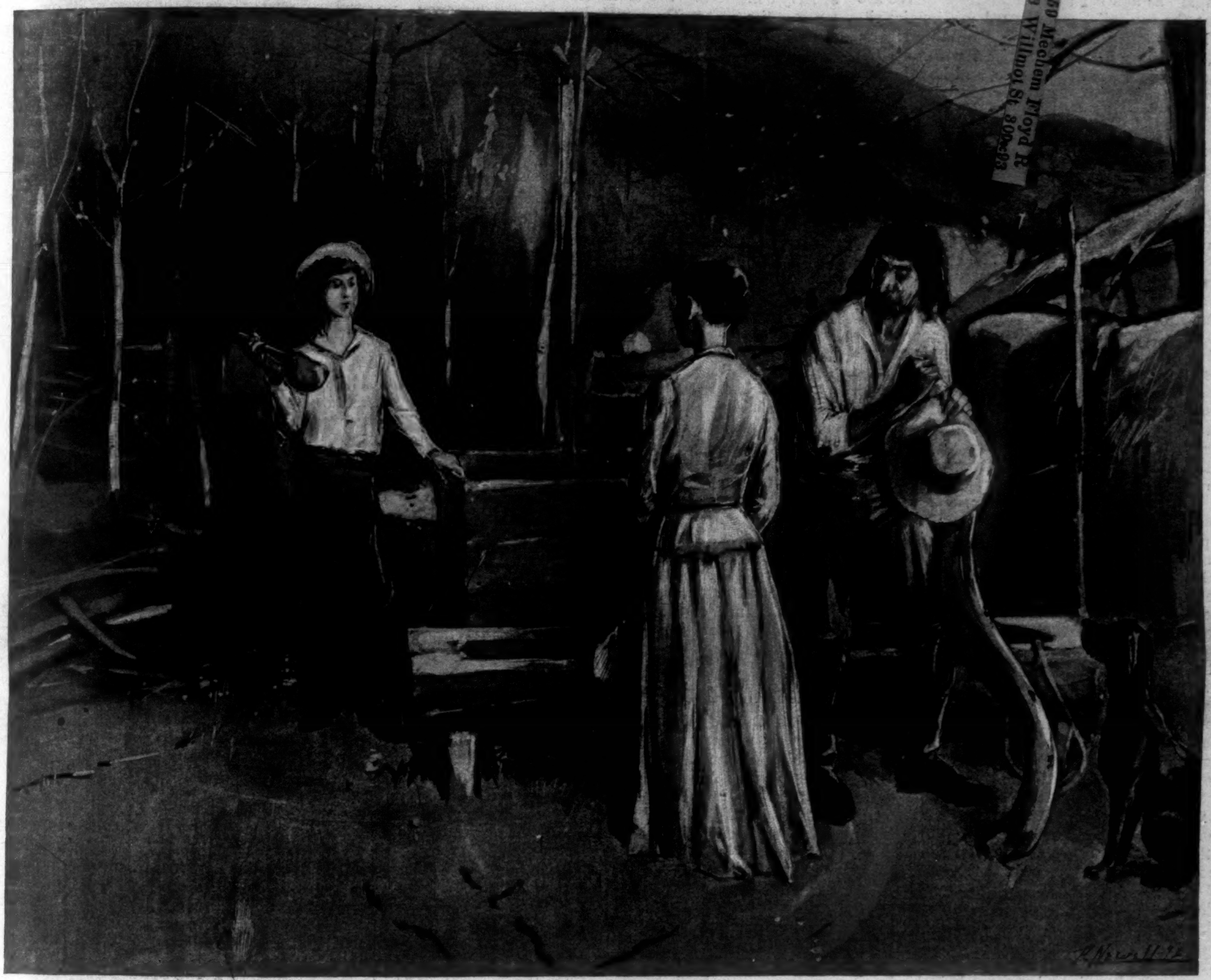

THE MOONSHINERS AT HOHO-HEBEE FALLS.

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

PART I.

IF the mission of the little school-house in Holly Cove was to impress upon the youthful mind a comprehension and appreciation of the eternal verities of nature, its site could hardly have been better chosen. All along the eastern horizon deployed the endless files of the Great Smoky Mountains—blue and sunlit, with now and again the apparition of an unfamiliar peak, hovering like a straggler in the far-distant rear, and made visible for the nonce by some exceptional clarification of the atmosphere; or lowering, gray, stern; or with ranks of clouds hanging on their flanks, while all the artillery of heaven whirled about them, and the whole world quaked beneath the flash and roar of its discharges. The seasons successively painted the great landscape—spring, with its timorous touch, its illumined haze, its tender, tentative green and gray and yellow; summer, with its flush of completion, its deep, luscious, definite verdure, and the golden richness of fruition; autumn, with a full brush and all chromatic splendors; winter, in melancholy sepia tones, black and brown and many sad variations of the pallors of white. So high was the little structure on the side of a transverse ridge that it commanded a vast field of sky above the wooded ranges; and in the immediate foreground, down between the slopes which it cleft to the heart, was the river, resplendent with the reflected moods of the heavens. In this deep gorge the winds and the pines chanted like a Greek chorus; the waves continuously murmured some intricate rune, as if conning it by frequent repetition; a bird would call out from the upper air some joyous apothegm in a language which no creature of the earth has learned enough of happiness to translate.

But the precepts which prevailed in the little school-house were to the effect that rivers, except as they flowed as they listed to confusing points of the compass, rising among names difficult to remember, and emptying into the least anticipated body of water, were chiefly to be avoided for their proclivity to drown small boys intent on swimming or angling. Mountains, aside from the desirability of their recognition as forming one of the divisions of land, somewhat easily distinguishable, by the more erudite youth, from plains, valleys, and capes, were full of crags and chasms, rattlesnakes and vegetable poisons, and a further familiarity with them was liable to result in the total loss of the adventurous—to see friends, family, and home no more.

These dicta, promulgated from the professorial chair, served to keep the small body of callow humanity, with whose instruction Abner Todd was intrusted by the State, well within call and out of harm's way during the short recesses, while under his guidance they tottered along the rough road that leads up the slopes to knowledge. But one there was who either bore a charmed life or possessed an unequalled craft in successfully defying danger; who fished and swam with impunity; who was ragged and torn from much climbing of crags; whose freckled face bore frequent red tokens of an indiscriminate sampling of berries. It is too much to say that Abner Todd would have been glad to have had his warnings made terrible by some bodily disaster to the juvenile dare-devil of the school, but Leander Yerby's disobedient incredulity as to the terrors that menaced him, and his triumphant immunity, fostered a certain grudge against him. Covert though it was, unrecognized even by Todd himself, it was very definitely apparent to Tyler Sudley when sometimes, often indeed, on his way home from hunting, he would pause at the school-house window, pulling open the shutter from the outside, and gravely watch his protégé, who stood spelling at the head of the class.

For Leander Yerby's exploits were not altogether those of a physical prowess. He was a mighty wrestler with the Multiplication Table. He had met and overthrown the Nine Line in single-handed combat. He had attained unto some interesting knowledge of the earth on which he lived, and could fluently bound countries with neatness and precision, and was on terms of intimacy with sundry seas, volcanoes, islands, and other sizable objects. The glib certainty of his contemptuous familiarity with the alphabet and its untoward combinations, as he flung off words in four syllables in his impudent chirping treble, seemed something uncanny, almost appalling, to Tyler Sudley, who could not have done the like to save his stalwart life. He would stare dumfounded at the erudite personage at the head of the class; Leander's bare feet were always carefully adjusted to a crack between the puncheons of the floor, literally "toeing the mark"; his broad trousers, frayed out liberally at the hem, revealed his skinny and scarred little ankles, for his out-door adventures were not without a record upon the more impressionable portions of his anatomy; his waistband was drawn high up under his shoulder-blades and his ribs, and girt over the shoulders of his unbleached cotton shirt by braces, which all his learning did not prevent him from calling "galluses"; his cut, scratched, calloused hands were held stiffly down at the side seams in his nether garments in strict accordance with the regulations. But rules could not control the twinkle in his big blue eyes, the mingled effrontery and affection on his freckled face as he perceived the on-looking visitor, nor hinder the wink, the swiftly thrust-

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"THE PEOPLE."

NOTHING could be more presumptuous than the pretension of the advocates of free silver coinage and of "cheap money" that they are representing "the people" as against the "capitalists." We are to imagine the capitalist as a bloated millionaire sitting on huge money-bags with a sardonic grin on his face, scheming how he can best withhold the money he possesses from the people, and how he can for his own benefit most effectively screw out of the people the money they still possess. We are to imagine "the people" as all those who carry on the productive activities of the land with their daily toil, and who are constantly hampered and balked in their efforts, and in a great measure robbed of the just reward of their labor, by the want of that money which the capitalist possesses and cruelly refuses to let them have. A further assumption is that "the people" in this sense and "the debtor class" are one and the same thing, and are living in a state of general oppression under the capitalist's wickedly selfish rule. And when the Tellers, and Stewarts, and Joneses, and Wolcotts, who have really only the price of silver in their minds, and their dupes, the Peffers, and the Vests, and the Vances, talk so fluently about "the cause of the people," they wish us to understand that they represent not only the interests but also the deliberate will of the people at large, and that they have the intelligence as well as the will of substantially the whole people behind them in fighting the capitalists by demanding free coinage and large quantities of various kinds of "cheap money."

This pretension has not the merit of originality. It has accompanied the preaching of almost every financial doctrine or scheme calculated to make people believe that they could get money without giving something of equivalent value for it, so that they could honestly get rid of their debts without paying them in full. When the partial repudiation of our national debt by paying it off in depreciated greenbacks was advocated, the supporters of the dishonest scheme were quite sure that "the people" were without substantial dissent ardently in its favor. When later the inflation of irredeemable paper money was by the magic of the greenback printing-press to "relieve" everybody of his burdens, and to pour a flood of new wealth all over the country, the inflation leaders vociferously insisted that their cause was the cause of "the people," and that the people's will spoke through *their* mouths. And now the free silver coinage men again parade the interest and the will of "the people" as the especial warrant for what they are doing or endeavoring to accomplish. But it has, in point of fact, turned out that in all of these instances the pretension of the agitators to be the embodiment of the popular will was a false pretension, supported mainly by a good deal of noisy impudence, and that "the people"—that is, a large majority of the citizens—as soon as they had an opportunity for expressing their real sentiments, either directly or through representatives obeying the command of public opinion, were found on the other side.

The reason was always the same. The agitators for repudiation, paper-money inflation, or free silver coinage always committed the same mistake as to the condition of the great mass of the people as well as the motives actuating them. The great mass of the people does not constitute the "debtor class," if we may speak of a debtor *class* at all. The employer of labor, be he a manufacturer, or a contractor, or an agriculturist, or merely a householder, will almost always owe money in the shape of accrued wages to the persons he employs, but they hardly ever owe money to him. He is their debtor; they are his creditors. They are but seldom debtors to anybody else, for their small credit hardly enables them to contract debts. But they are creditors in various ways—creditors of savings-banks, of insurance companies, of mutual aid associations. The savings-banks of the country owe about 1700 millions to their depositors, who are almost all people earning their daily bread by their daily labor. It is the evident interest of these people to receive what is due them not in the cheapest but in the best possible money, and they easily understand this as soon as they begin to think about it. People of small means generally, whether they are laboring-men or not, are similarly situated. Many of them have invested their savings in securities of various kinds, and their interest is the same. The hundreds of thousands of pensioners, be they otherwise ever so poor, are creditors of the government, and highly interested in the full value of the dollar they receive. Business men, small and great, are ordinarily creditors as well as debtors, and their interest as creditors is no less than their interest as debtors. As sensible men, they know that they cannot expect to pay what they owe in cheap dollars while receiving what is due them in good ones. The farmers and other owners of real estate whose property is encumbered with mortgages are usually represented as typical of the debtor class interested in cheap money. But the number of farms so encumbered is proportionally much smaller than it is commonly believed to be, and a very large number, probably an overwhelming majority, of the mortgages provide for payment of principal and interest in gold.

The great mass of "the people," therefore, after soberly considering the matter, understand their interest quite differently from what the cheap-money agitators represent it to be; and even among those who do not so understand it there are very many—a large majority, we trust—who instinctively resent and repel arguments and appeals that are addressed to what may be called the dishonest impulses of human nature. So it happens that after a period of thorough public discussion of their schemes, the repudiationists and cheap-money agitators have always found "the people" against them. "The people" are against them now, as the recent two-thirds vote in the House of Representatives for the repeal of the Sherman law, which was evidently a mere expression of public opinion, has conclusively shown.

This indisputable fact stamps upon the filibustering efforts of the silver advocates in the Senate a peculiar character. We do not pretend that filibustering—that is, the resort to dilatory tactics in opposing a measure of legislation—is under all circumstances illegitimate. It may happen that a tyrannical party majority in a legislative body attempts to hurry through an important piece of legislation upon which public opinion has not had time to form and express itself. If then the minority resorts to filibustering in order *to call the attention of the people to what is going on*, and to *give the people an opportunity to manifest their sentiments*, it serves a good object. But when a minority avails itself of exceptional parliamentary means to obstruct legislation in favor of which the popular will has already expressed itself so strikingly as it has for the repeal of the Sherman law, filibustering is a wicked, flagitious defiance of the popular will, little, if at all, short of treason against "the people" whose cause the silver agitators so deceitfully pretend to represent.

THE CONFIDENCE OF THE MACHINE.

The Democratic machine in New York is confident of success at the polls. If it were not it would not dream of nominating Judge Maynard for the Court of Appeals. It does not pay its debts for party work in such good coin unless it is certain of winning. It would not put a weak candidate into the field unless it were assured of success, no matter who might lead the ticket. Murphy, Hill, Croker, and Sheehan have no love for the stigma of defeat.

The Democratic machine in New York has been singularly successful. Despite its bad character, known and admitted from one end of the State to the other, under its leadership a Governor and President have been elected, and, for the first time in many years, both Houses of the Legislature have been captured by the Democrats. But while this has been the leadership of the party which carried the State for President and Governor, success has been the lucky result of conditions that prevailed in spite of the corruption of the machine.

The man who is to be nominated for Judge of the Court of Appeals helped the machine into absolute control of the State. The Democrats who protested against the machine's methods and the machine's candidates helped to fasten the clasp of the machine on the State. Their prominence, their character, supplementing the character and record of Grover Cleveland, made possible a victory when the machine itself, standing alone, unaided by Republican defection or unallied with the virtue and ability of the Democratic party, would have been irretrievably defeated. The leaders who were in command when the Democratic victories were won were those whose purposes had been defeated in the party itself, whose candidate for President had been driven out of the field, whose continued leadership was due to the knowledge, on the part of Mr. Fairchild and his followers, of the treachery of Murphy and Hill and Croker and Sheehan. These men remained at the head. The men who retired from control, and who participated as private citizens in the campaign for the election of the candidate whom they had nominated, were those whose influence and votes carried the State.

No sooner was the greater victory won than a less victory was stolen by a lawyer's act, which Mr. Coudert described as an "outrageous crime." The Bar Association of New York, through a committee composed almost entirely of Democrats, found the criminal guilty. Spotted as he was, condemned by the bar of the metropolis, judged and found guilty by lawyers of his own party, Governor Flower nevertheless appointed him Judge of the Court of Appeals. It may not have been the only instance in which the highest tribunal of the State has been outraged in this way, but it is the most conspicuous and the most flagrant.

Maynard, having stolen the honest returns of Dutchess County, and having made the State Senate Democratic, is now about to receive a further reward. He is to be nominated as judge for a full term of fourteen years. Will he be elected? If he is successful, it will be largely because of the consequences of the act which called forth the condemnation of the Bar Association.

The machine is evidently certain of success. It is insolent in its defiance of public opinion. It pays no heed to the warnings of the press of its own party. The Buffalo *Courier* and the New York *World* predict Maynard's coming defeat, but the ears of Murphy and Hill and Croker and Sheehan are deaf. It is certain that the bar, without respect to party, will vote against this tainted man, and that the leaders and large numbers of the anti-snappers will stay at home, or, if the Republicans nominate a good candidate, will vote for him. The independent vote, also, will be against Maynard.

What, then, is the chance of success? The Legislature, which Maynard's act made Democratic, passed laws intended to fasten the control of the machine upon the Democratic party and the State. It gave it the control of the primaries of its own party, and it turned over to it the election machinery of New York, Buffalo, and Troy. Whether or no it has control of Albany remains to be seen. It is an open secret that the leaders of the machine believe that they have not only complete control of their party machinery, but that they will be able to count in any candidates they may see fit to nominate, through their power over the police and election officers of the great cities.

The machine is inviting a political revolution. New York must decide whether it will end the rule of the bandits now or await a less convenient and more expensive season. In view of the extraordinary opportunities bestowed by the law upon the machine, law which is made by the machine's own tools and beneficiaries, the good people of this State have no easy task. It is not a time for partisanship, but it is a time for organization. There should be an organized effort of all good citizens who are Democrats, and of those members of the bar of every county who still retain the love and veneration of the great lawyers for just and unsuspected judges. If the Republican party rises to its opportunity, and has the aid of organized virtue and professional pride and probity, Judge Maynard will not be counted in.

"BOSS" RULE IN BROOKLYN.

The "arraignment" by the Union League Club of Brooklyn of the "boss" of that city and the officials whom he controls is founded on facts. It would have gained in force had there been a more specific statement of these facts and a greater economy of adjectives and epithets. For the facts are, indeed, very ugly. Nearly every branch of the local government is sadly demoralized and confused. Within the year the bonds of the city, which ought to be a security as good as any offered, have suffered from the doubt whether the constitutional limit to their issue had not been passed, and the treasury has been so nearly depleted that important public works have been suspended for want of funds. This shows clearly enough the financial side of the situation. The moral side is worse. That is indicated by the apparent impossibility of getting justice done to notorious offenders, such as the men who wasted the city money in the Columbian celebration, and prevented the city from getting the full value of its franchises for surface roads—a "deal" which induced the Grand Jury publicly to regret that it could not indict the Mayor of Brooklyn under the law as interpreted, and misinterpreted, by the District Attorney. The question of practical importance and immediate urgency for the voters of Brooklyn is, What are you going to do about it?

To this the reply of the Union League Club is, "We ask every right-thinking and honorable man, without regard to his previous political affiliation, to unite with us and all good citizens in an effort to end the present disgraceful state of municipal affairs, and to inaugurate, if possible, an era of efficient, honest, and economical government."

This is well, but whether anything will come of it depends on the nature and direction of the "effort" here promised. There is one way, and only one, to get "efficient, honest, and economical government" in Brooklyn, and that is to elect a Mayor who has the capacity and the will to use rightly the powers of his office. The powers themselves are ample. The Mayor appoints at his own discretion the head of every department of the administration, except the financial, and can do so within thirty days of taking his office, and in this way he practically controls the entire administration. The difficulty is to get a Mayor who will do this with sole reference to the interests of the city. The Mayor who can and will do it must have, besides energy, integrity, and sound judgment, certain other qualifications, the most important of which is absolute independence of partisan politics. Whether he be a Democrat or a Republican in national politics, he must be equal to the supreme resolution to give no weight whatever to the politics of his appointees. He must be capable of refusing to put any man in a place of trust because he "belongs" to the same party as himself. He must be a determined and implacable foe of the spoils system in every direction. He must refuse the dictation or the advice of the party "boss," whether it be Hugh McLaughlin or Jacob Worth. He must take his officers solely for their fitness in character, ability, and experience, and when he has taken them, he must stand by them at any cost.

Clearly, such a man is not easy to find, and if found, will be nominated with great difficulty. He is not likely to be named voluntarily by either of the regular party conventions. But by just so much as the next Mayor of Brooklyn falls short of this high yet practical standard, by so much he will fail to give the city the good government to which it is entitled. The best thing the Union League Club can do for the city is to set at work immediately to secure such a candidate. If he can be got, and the people believe him to be such a candidate, he can be elected and the city redeemed.

SCHOOL.

One of the greatest single industries in the world has just started up again after several months of almost complete prostration, and yet not a newspaper seems to have remarked upon it as a sign of returning better times. The fact is that school has begun. The signs of it are unmistakable. Families have got back to town, full of regrets at leaving the country. They would not have come under a less compulsory necessity than the educational engagements of their younger members. All the book-store counters are heaped with school-books, and fascinating bargains are offered in slates and pads and copy-books. Children are seen in the back streets, no longer vagrant and scattered, but in squads and troops, going somewhere at stated hours and with a common purpose. In some houses a period of distinct relief sets in, these days, between eight and nine in the morning. The children are at school, and the housework goes on somewhat more smoothly in consequence. In other houses, somewhat statelier ones, alas! there are mothers who take but a languid interest in their breakfasts. The boys have gone to boarding-school, one of them for the first time, and there is a gap in the household for which no accession of industrial opportunity seems to make up. The girls used to be a solace when the boys went off to school, but in that respect the girls in these days are a weakening prop, for they go too now, as far, as regularly, and almost as early as the boys do. A man said the other day: "My girl is going to college this fall. That old idea of giving a five-thousand-dollar education to a five-hundred-dollar boy, and a five-hundred-dollar education to a ten-thousand-dollar girl is about played out."

Well, it is an interesting experiment, is school. It is the first set test of comparative power to which the child is submitted. Parents who have speculated about the faculties and characteristics of their unlettéred infants at home, will have a chance, now that school has begun, to find how their young hopefuls compare with other parents' hopefuls. The school-master's report is by no means an infallible test, but it is a guide, and it will be anxiously read and re-read when it comes at Christmas.

Good luck go with all those beginning scholars, and may they learn abundantly this year, and, bless their young hearts, learn nothing but what is true and good!

THE LORDS AND THE COMMONS.

Will it be necessary for Mr. Gladstone to appeal to the country before forcing the Lords to pass the home-rule bill? That is the question which is agitating Tory and Liberal-Unionist minds in Great Britain. As for Mr. Gladstone and his followers, they have answered the question in their own minds, and apparently do not intend to dissolve Parliament and order a special election unless the Queen insists and resorts to the extraordinary plan of dismissing the ministry herself. Some of the extreme Tories have urged this course, but it is hardly probable that the Queen will cast in the fortunes of the crown with the Lords in the struggle of the hereditary House with the Liberals and Radicals. The Queen would doubtless gladly be rid of Mr. Gladstone and the Irish question, but there is no reason why she should risk the chances of her family in a contest that can be settled by Parliament and the people.

The Liberals favor the suggestion of a recess until November, to be followed by the passage of some of the measures of the Newcastle programme and the introduction of others. After that the home-rule bill can be passed again and sent to the Lords a second time. On the second rejection the Premier will doubtless demand the creation of new peers for the purpose of overcoming the majority against him, and then Mr. Gladstone will be forced to fight out his case with the Lords before the people.

The issue is a simple one. It is not as to the theoretical or traditional power of the House of Lords. That is settled. Sir Arthur Peel, the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a recent conversation with an Austrian statesman, laid down the rule that the Lords must yield to the House of Commons after an appeal to the people. The hereditary House is the most powerless legislative body in the world, except for one purpose. It may say to the representatives of the people, by rejecting a measure that has passed the Commons, that they the Lords do not believe that the wishes of the voters had been truly expressed. Then the Commons must submit, and the government must go to the people for a vindication. If the people vote against the government, the Lords are justified. If they return the government, the Lords must yield, or new peers will be created to make the Upper House conform to the will of the nation.

The Tories and Liberal-Unionists assert that there has been no appeal to the people in this case. It is true that the home-rule question has been pending in Great Britain for about seven years, and in that time the adverse majority of the English members has been so reduced that it is now outnumbered by the Irish members and their Welsh, Scotch, and English allies. The present government came into power partly on home-rule, partly on Welsh and Scotch measures, and partly on issues made by English Radicals and labor people. It was supposed that the empire had decided in favor of home-rule, but the Tories and Unionists now say that the appeal to the people must be on the precise measure which Mr. Gladstone has carried through the House of Commons, because it involves a grave constitutional change.

The issue between the Lords and the Commons will assuredly strengthen the home-rule cause, for the elements that united in the last election will unite again in such a contest. Standing alone, home-rule is probably weak in England, for the simple reason that Englishmen, including the Radicals, are generally tired of the Irish question, and want some of their own business attended to. If the issue is clearly made between the House and the Lords, however, the cause of Mr. Gladstone's declining years will remain well to the front.

TRAPPING THE TRAIN-ROBBERS.

It was about 11.30 P.M., and only three men were left in the comfortable rooms of the New York Electric Club. They were gathered in front of a cheerful grate fire, each lolling in the attitude that best accorded with his particular idea of comfort, without regard to appearances. The click, click of the billiard balls had ceased, and the noisy laugh of the group of story-tellers no longer echoed through the lofty rooms. The three fire-worshippers were left alone to "talk shop." They had drifted from a discussion on the newer forms of incandescent lamps, by way of an argument on a complicated question of long-distance electric power transmission, to the subject of electric heating. There had been several other interesting points brought up in their talk, but just at the moment it was on electric heating, which McGraith, who had his feet on the mantel-piece and was pulling lazily at a portly pipe, held would in five years displace coal, gas, oil, or any other fuel for cooking and heating purposes from every decently appointed household.

"You ought to have Billy Black here," said one of the others; "he's a regular crank on electric heating. He cooks his lunch in his office now, on a stove connected to the lighting mains, because he says anything not cooked by electricity makes him sick. Swears he can taste the product of combustion in anything but a boiled egg, unless the cooking is done by the current."

"By-the-way, where is Billy?" asked McGraith, when the laugh had subsided; "haven't seem him for a long time."

"Last I heard of him he was out West, hunting."

"Hunting? I never knew he was a sporting man."

"He's not. He's hunting two-legged, wingless game on approved scientific principles."

"What the dickens do you mean?"

"Well, you know Billy's always working at some fantastic scheme or other. The last thing he hit on was a trap for train-robbers. Worked the whole thing out completely, but couldn't get any railroad president to believe in it. They all thought he was a crank, and as it meant some little outlay to try it, not one of them would give him a chance. Railroad men don't believe much in electricity, anyhow, they have so little experience with it except in connection with rusty telegraph wires and broken-down relays that don't work half the time.

"Finally, it seems Billy struck the right man out in Denver, the vice-president of the A. B. and J., that runs out by the jug-handle route to the Pacific coast. The president of the road was away in Europe, and Mr. Vice, being acting president, determined to give Billy's scheme a trial. He was half off his head when he wrote to tell me about it, and was working seventeen hours a day to get things ready. But I've seen by the papers that it worked all right. Billy bagged a gang of train-robbers just as neatly as the New York police gather in the members of the swell mob that they've known intimately for years."

"How did he manage it?"

"That's just what I'm waiting to hear from him. He's due here to-night, and promised to look in at the club if he got in early enough. The papers gave no particulars. I suppose the railroad people managed to keep the *modus operandi* quiet, so as not to give the snap away to other gentlemen in the same line of business as Billy's victims."

A heavy tread sounded on the steps outside, and a moment later the hall door flew open in response to the pressure of the new arrival's foot on the electric door-opener in the corner of the doorstep. A bell tinkled inside as the door opened, and a sleepy servant came forward to take Mr. William F. Black's hat and overcoat. As he came into the room he was enthusiastically greeted by the three.

"Here, Billy," said McGraith, when the clamor subsided, "we're dying to have you spin your yarn. Gurney has just been telling us that you've turned into a sort of electro-dynamic Byrnes. You'll have to read a paper about it before the club—tell you that, old chap. But just consider us the editing committee, and give us the plain unvarnished tale, without any frills and formulæ." McGraith was a practical man, and had a supreme contempt for theory and mathematical demonstrations.

"Well, boys," began Black, when he had settled himself in a big chair, with his feet on a smaller one, had provided himself with his favorite drink, and had puffed half an inch of ash on the end of a six-inch cigar, "it was ripping!

"Talk about your shows of new inventions for the newspaper reporters, with everything fixed up in lecture-room style, and lots of spare gear to fake results with if anything goes wrong—why, they aren't in it. Fancy having to make a practical demonstration of a new invention on a train, out in the middle of the prairie, with a scratch plant rigged up on the spur of the moment, and no skilled help; no time to get her running properly beforehand; and then, if the thing didn't work, the prospect of getting short-circuited by a high-pressure discharge from a six-shooter! It takes a good deal of faith in one's own work to carry a thing through on those lines; but I was kind of cornered, and I had to scrape up the faith or lose the chance.

"You see, Fredericks, the acting president of the A. B. and J., was the first man who showed any real interest in the scheme. He let me explain the whole thing, and asked a lot of questions, and they weren't so very much off the mark, most of 'em. Seemed to know something about electrics, and he evidently fancied the idea.

"'Well, Mr. Black, it looks as if it would work all right. And you say you are quite confident of it?' he said at last, when I had settled all the points he had raised.

"'Dead sure,' said I. 'It looks rather complicated, but it can't fail unless the train parts.'

"'We can guard against that, barring accidents, which don't often happen on our road.' (They had pitched three sleepers and a baggage car down a fifty-foot embankment ten days before, but I thought I wouldn't refer to that, as he seemed to have forgotten it.) 'Now, how soon could you fix this apparatus up?'

"'Oh, in a couple of days, easily,' I said. 'I can get a machine right here.'

"He looked over a memorandum lying on his desk for a moment or two; then he said: 'That will just do. We will give you a trial, Mr. Black. We have a train going out at midnight on Thursday. This is Tuesday, so you have over forty-eight hours to fit up your plant. You shall have all the help you need, and you can buy the materials in our name. I feel sufficient confidence in your scheme to give you a fair trial in actual practice.'

"This rather took the wind out of my sails for a moment. I had hoped when he had let me explain the thing properly to get authority for experiments, with decent time to prepare things in. But to be let in for a practical demonstration out on the road with only forty-eight hours to fix things up was a little more than I had bargained for. Even a sanguine inventor can get too hearty encouragement sometimes, I find, though it is the only case I have met with so far. However, I had committed myself, and pride would not let me go back. Besides, I was afraid if I showed any signs of backing down or asking for an experimental trial that I should spoil my chance, and perhaps never get another. So I thanked him warmly, expressed myself delighted with his enterprise and liberality, and in a few minutes he had arranged things so that I should get all the help I needed from his people, and I was hustling down the street to get the plant together.

"It was pretty tall hustling for those two days. Never had such a spell of work in my life before, and don't want it again. The time when we had the fire in the telephone exchange at Detroit, and had to rig up a new switchboard and get thirteen hundred subscribers working again in five days, was a joke to it. That was what sickened me with the telephone business—that and getting an average of three complaints a day from each subscriber. I've got a scheme on hand now for a telephone protector—not a lightning protector, but a dodge to protect the superintendent from the subscribers' complaints. There's a fortune in it if I can get a good patent."

"Of course there is, Billy," broke in McGraith; "but go on with the train story."

"Well, those two days I spent on an everlasting rush between the freight-yard and the supply-houses. Fortunately I had made out very clear plans, not mere diagrams, but practically working drawings, of the whole scheme. There was a man in the railway company that they called an electrician, probably because he had failed to make a living at putting up electric bells, and had got a job through influence when his stock was sold up by the sheriff. However, he helped me a good deal, as he knew how to run wires and make joints; though he very nearly ruined the whole thing by making a wrong connection, and if I had started up without overhauling his work my dynamo would have been short-circuited and the whole job spoiled.

"I was provided with an empty baggage car for my plant, and had full sway to make whatever modifications I thought proper or necessary in the express car. The baggage car very soon looked like a travelling central station. I fixed up a small alternating-current dynamo coupled direct to a high-speed engine, getting steam from the locomotive. Then I had a train-telegraphing outfit, so that we could get direct communication with the company's wires. Besides that there were two special circuits to the locomotive for operating certain devices, and other circuits to the other cars. The floor of the express car I had covered with iron plate, and to that I ran one side of the dynamo circuit; then I connected every other bit of metal in the car to the other wire, placing strips of copper and hoop-iron wherever there was any spare space, and connecting them all together. I arranged a sort of curtain of wire netting over the door, on the inside, rolled up neatly, and held so that it could be let down by pressing a button. The switchboard I fixed up for controlling all the circuits would have done credit to a city central station. I think that was all. Oh, no, wait a moment! In the baggage car I had a telephone, a long-distance transmitter, connected with a loud-speaking receiver fixed to the roof of the express car."

"Great Scott! What was it all for?" asked McGraith, voicing the half-bewildered, half-amused looks of the other two.

Mr. Black pulled out of his pocket a very soiled and much-folded sheet, covered with drawings of machines and circuits, and proceeded to give a detailed technical explanation of his system. It is scarcely worth while to repeat it here, both because the language might often be obscure to the unprofessional reader and because the continuation of the inventor's narrative amply explains the working of the apparatus; besides, the publication of a full description of the device might interfere with Mr. Black in his prosecution of a patent.

"Well, by the time we were ready to start everything was in place, and I satisfied myself as far as I could that it was all in working order. There was some valuable freight in the express car, and of course our friends the enemy had advance information, or at any rate we supposed they had, and felt pretty confident of a meeting. At the last minute I got all the men together, and with the vice-president as chairman, delivered a little lecture, giving them full instructions in the parts they had to play. They almost all entered into the spirit of the thing, as they naturally welcomed

THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.—[SEE PAGE 923.]

a chance of getting even with men who had often bested them. There were one or two kickers, of course, who declared that 'such a lot of truck' would never work at the right time. But they weren't willing to try for themselves when I offered to start up the machine if they would get inside the express car. I invited Fredericks to go with me and help work the switches, but he said he was much too busy, and besides he was expecting the president back very soon.

"We went along all right the first day, and nothing happened. At night I started up the dynamo in readiness. It was lonesome, ticklish sort of work, all alone in my little secret compartment, made by putting a false end to the car, and I felt a good deal more nervous than I did that time at Pittsburg when I tried the flying-machine with aluminum accumulators. I was almost beginning to get afraid that nothing would happen after all, when I felt the train slackening. It was the usual dodge. We were going up a steep grade, and they showed a red light and boarded the locomotive while we were going fairly slow.

"The engineer pretended mortal fright, and gained sufficient time to get us to the top of the grade all right. When we were fairly stopped, the beggars got to work in their regular manner, and made a determined attack on the express car. Through the loud-speaking telephone and the head receiver I had on, I could tell exactly what was going on. When I judged they were all properly engaged, I drew in a long breath and let go.

"Giving an unearthly scream into the transmitter, that must have resounded through the express car like a voice from the infernal regions, I clapped down first one switch and then another. The first switch exploded the fuses on the engine and in the other cars, the second opened the throttle-valve of the locomotive as sharp as the click of a sounder. The confusion that followed was like an earthquake and an infantry battle all in one. There were blinding flashes all along the train, and a thundering jerk as we started off. Then followed blood-curdling oaths and yells and a crackety crack of revolver shots like one of Tesla's two-million-alternations-a-second discharges. I scarcely waited for the express messenger's signal, though I was kind of conscious that I got it all right, and I made a wild jab at the other two switches that turned on the dynamo current in the express car, and let down the wire netting over the door. Then I sat back to breathe for a moment, and to wonder if anybody had got killed.

"The disturbance in that very novel kind of an electric car was something *not* to dream of. The beggars were trapped, but it was a little while before they would believe it, and a den of devils incarnate couldn't have kicked up a bigger racket. Just at first they tried shooting around indiscriminately, but they saw that the train was gaining speed and that they were wasting time. They nearly did the trick, though, as one of the bullets went through both cars and cut the insulation off one of my main wires; quarter of an inch to one side and it would have carried away the wire and cut off the current. But it didn't, and when one of them made a dash for the wire netting, he was chucked back like a feather by the 500-volt shock he got as soon as he barely touched it. Evidently they couldn't make it out, but one or two more trials must have convinced them that it was no go.

"By means of the telephone in the roof of the car I could get a pretty general idea of what was going on, and I gathered after the first few minutes that my neighbors were just about as scared a lot of villains as could be met with from Maine to California. I always had the fear, however, that they might discover that by remaining on the iron flooring without touching any other part of the car they could not be shocked. I had narrowed their fighting area as much as possible by suspending some iron wires connected to the other side of the circuit from the roof, and these I let drop, just after we started, by burning out with the current the little fusible wires that held the free ends. In this way there were hanging from the roof to within about two or three feet of the floor several bare iron wires that they could not touch without getting shocked. The wires, of course, swayed about with the motion of the train, and after their smart repulse by the netting over the doorway the beggars must have had a rare dance dodging them. Lord! I would have given a hundred dollars to have been able to take a peep into that car and watch the bear dance that was going on there.

"By-and-by they began to get the bearings of the situation, and things got quieter. I was just preparing to give our new passengers a little lecture over the telephone when I heard a scream of pain, followed by a clatter of metal falling on metal, and a loud report. Then things were quieter than before. I guessed what had happened. The revolvers had been dropped, after the first flurry, in the struggle with the charged screen over the door. One of the artful dodgers must have groped for his, and either found it in contact with some point of the other side of the circuit, or touched it to one of the swinging wires as he raised it. Result, he got a terrific shock, and the pistol flew out of his hand, exploding as it fell on the floor. I judged that this little incident would give point to my remarks, and I bellowed into the telephone;

"'Friends, you are nabbed, and you may as well make the best of it. The science of the effete East has been one too many for you this time. No more attempts at shooting, please, or I shall have to turn on some more of the juice.'

"These plain words seemed to have a bad effect. They were answered by a volley of oaths of a very choice quality. I thought there was just a chance that they might yet get on to my curves and do some mischief with the revolvers. So I played my last card. I yelled into the telephone with all my might:

"'Stop your row, you blithering idiots. Keep still and keep your hands quiet. If you don't, by thunder, I'll electrocute the whole blamed lot of you, just like we do the murderers down East. See!'

"With that—in the heat of the moment it was perhaps a little more forcible than I have expressed it—I gave them a display of fireworks to illustrate my resources. Touched off a few spark devices—something after the Tesla style of business, but a modification of my own—that I had placed in the corners of the car. At the same time the train rounded a sharp curve, which set the hanging wires a-swinging, and another panic started in the car. Pandemonium reigned again for a minute, but this time the beggars were regularly terrified clean through. They howled and screamed for mercy.

"I judged that the fight was pretty well knocked out of them, and I gave a sepulchral roar through the telephone:

"'Lie still and you will be spared for the gallows!'"

The big room rang with screams of laughter, and Mr. Black seized the opportunity to take a long pull at his drink. Then, drink and laugh ending together, he went on:

THE LATE FREDERICK L. AMES.—[SEE PAGE 915.]

"I was the *deus ex machina*, and I may as well tell here, as if, *deus*like, I could see everything, what was going on in the other parts of the train. I heard it all afterwards, but that doesn't matter. It all came out right. The engineer and the fireman followed out their instructions to the letter. They kept as far back from the levers as possible to disarm suspicion, and maintained a keen watch on the men who were covering them, so as to get their exact bearings. When the flash of my fuse and the jerk of the engine came, the two robbers were of course rattled for a moment, but the engineer and the fireman ducked and grappled each with his man like two wild-cats. There was a desperate struggle. The fireman got grazed in the leg by a flying bullet, and the glass of the pressure-gauge was broken by another. That was all the harm that was done, though, except to the robbers, for the crew of the locomotive were powerful men, and as soon as she got up speed they had a decided advantage, being thoroughly at home on what the sailors call a 'moving platform,' which the others, of course, were not. All the same, they had a tough job, and it was quite a little while before the engineer had put his man to sleep and could attend to his machine, which by this time was going for all she was worth.

MISS ANNIE HOWARD.—[SEE PAGE 918.]

"Much the same thing happened in the other car—the train was a special with only one passenger car. The flash and the thick smoke gave the trainmen their chance, and they were on top of their man in a jiffy. He fired blindly; but a man with a revolver when he's rattled nearly always fires high, and the bullet went through the roof of the car, smashing a lamp chimney *en route*. The broken glass gave a passenger who was holding his hands up a bit of a scratch on the thumb. That was the only casualty, and an inch of sticking-plaster was all the remedy required. But the injured man was a Connecticut lawyer, and an experienced traveller, and he has begun a suit for damages against the company. Asks for ten thousand dollars damages for injury and shock to the system. Strikes me if all the passengers who got shocks to the system that night got ten thousand dollars apiece the A. B. and J. would be in the hands of a receiver!

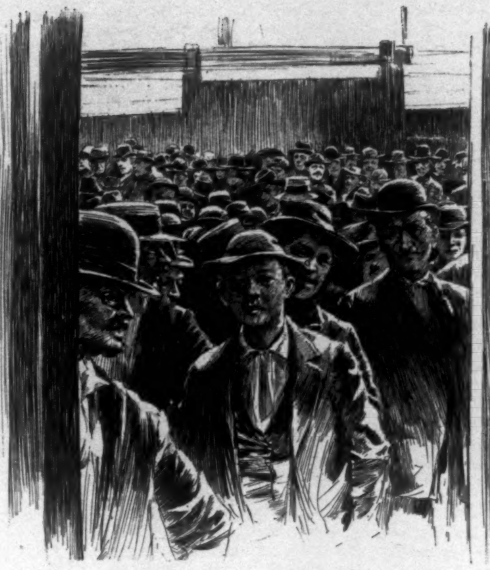
"The express messenger made a clean jump from the middle of the car when he got my flash signal, and the screen caught him in the back as it came down. He sprawled in the dust, but managed to gather himself up again in time to swing on to the platform of the passenger car. Then he went to the assistance of the trainmen, and lucky he did so, as their man was a clinker, over six feet, and muscles like Sandow. I had taken the precaution to provide the messenger with rubber gloves and boots in case of accident, and as he clapped his hands over the robber's face and bore him back the man must have thought a wild beast had re-enforced the other side. Whatever he thought didn't matter; they had him bested, and in a few minutes he was shut down and out of circuit like the two on the engine.

"By the time that I had my car-load of thieves under control I could tell by the speed of the train that the engineer had got his department free from outside interference, and was looking after his locomotive all right. That was a pretty considerable relief, because the speed at first was something frightful, and if the engineer and fireman had got the worst of it we should all probably have gone to kingdom come, unless the steam had given out before we struck anything, which would have been almost as bad.

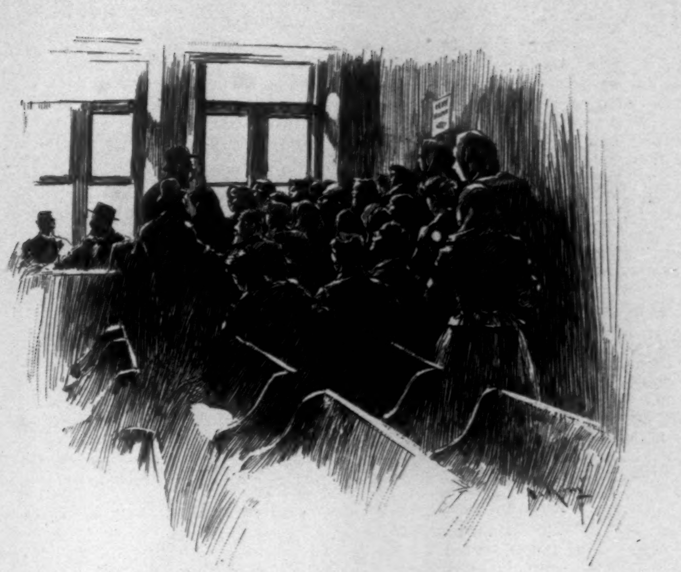
"As soon as I could turn my attention from my charges I switched my head telephone over to the train-telegraphing outfit. They were waiting for me on the wire at the stations along the line, but I couldn't get them because the induction from the alternating dynamo drowned out the signals. I pottered with the thing for some time, but it was no go. So I played a bold stroke. I opened the dynamo circuit, cutting off the current from the express car, and keyed off with all my might: '*Got gang O. K. Can't say more. Dynamo opened to send this. Black.*' I waited a few seconds and got '*O. K.*' Then I clapped down the dynamo switch again and thanked the gods that they had a man on that wire who could think. If my captives had only known it, for about half a minute they were discharged. But even if they had known it they could scarcely have done much. I breathed more freely when the current was on again, all the same.

"The rest of the run to the station, where our reception awaited us, was uneventful. There were occasional slight disturbances in the electric car as we rounded the curves, and now and again I gave the poor chaps a few experiments with the sparking apparatus, just to keep their spirits up.

"When we pulled in there was a gathering that looked like an anarchistic mob. The sheriff's posse was armed with every conceivable weapon, from six-shooters to sledge-hammers. The shout that went up must have had a cheerful sound to the gentlemen of the road. The screen was cut down, and they were ordered to tumble out. There was not much hesitation, even though it might have looked like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. But they were evidently anxious to get out of that car. A more pitifully scared-looking lot of wretches you never saw or imagined. They were trembling all over, and when they got on solid ground most of them could scarcely stand upright, but san



MEN AND BOYS AWAITING THEIR TURN.



INSIDE THE SYNAGOGUE—APPLYING FOR TICKETS.

in heaps on the platform. They were really more frightened than hurt, but still I didn't envy them their ride."

"Billy, you'll be the death of us," said Mr. McGraith. "But do you really mean to say that the company has adopted the scheme?"

"Well, no. That's the part that riles me, after making a practical demonstration with unqualified success. I bagged a gang of nine ruffians that have troubled the roads and defied capture for years. The train crew were not very enthusiastic about the scheme; seemed to think that their part of the job was not in a regular day's work, and more risky than they liked. When I got back to Denver I found a letter from the president, who had returned, congratulating me on my success, and thanking me for having effected the capture of the gang. He stumped up pretty liberally for the job, I confess, but went on to say that as there appeared to him to be several elements of uncertainty about the scheme, which might on other occasions militate against its complete success, he did not feel justified in putting it into regular practice, nor in treating with me for the acquisition of the patents.

"Those were his exact words, and they so disgusted me with the ingratitude and lack of appreciation that these self-sufficient officers of great corporations show that I came back East right away. Now, boys, if you will join me, we will go to my diggings, and christen my new electric range. It has all the latest improvements, and when you've had supper from it you will confess that Delmonico's dishes taste as if they'd been cooked in a ten-cent east-side restaurant."

Mr. Black had got back to his favorite hobby, and the others followed him out of the club to watch him ride it and to enjoy his hospitality.

Herbert Laws Webb.

FREE FOOD FOR CHICAGO'S POOR.

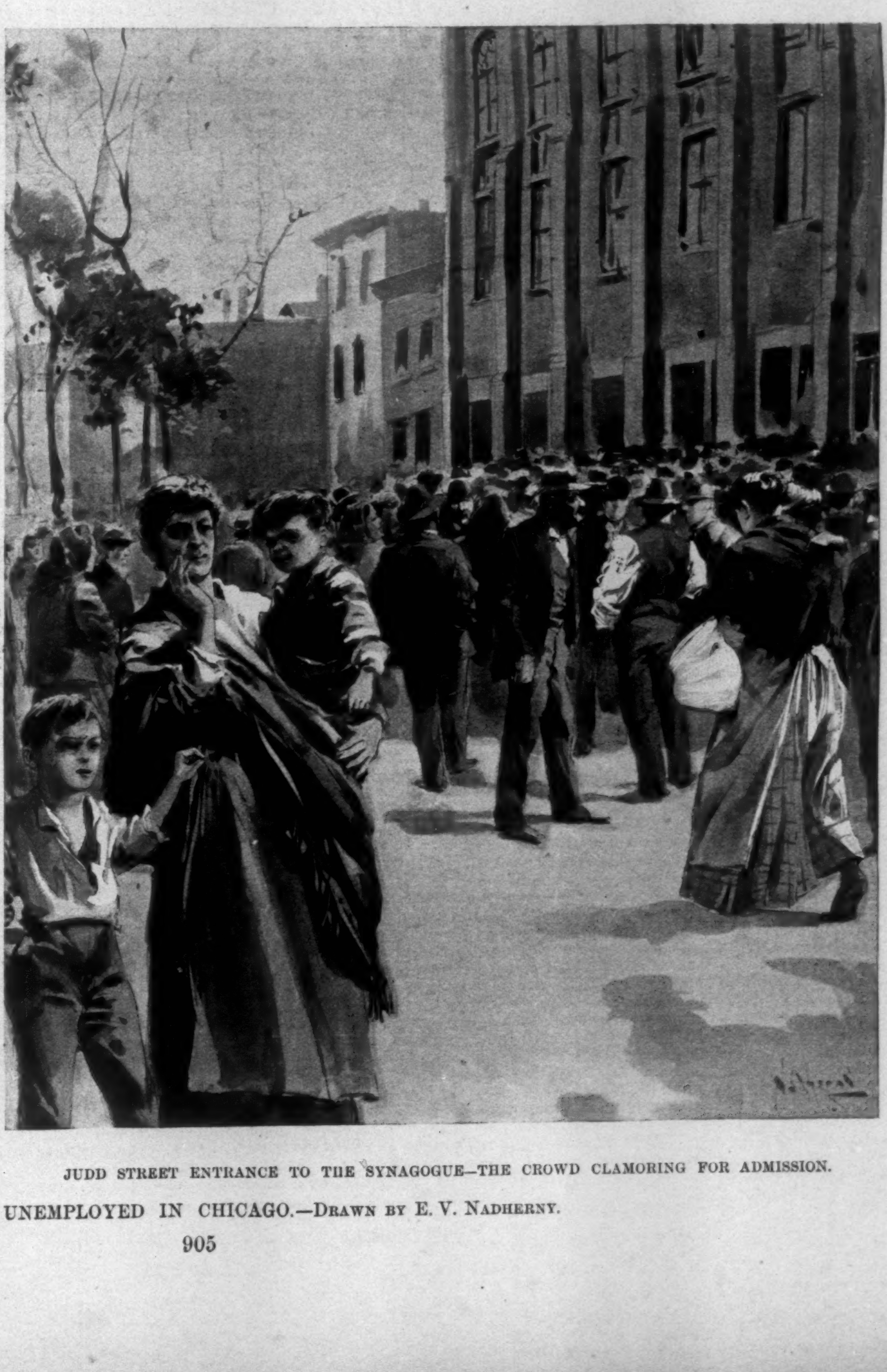
The sketches that appear in this number of Harper's Weekly of the scenes at the Judd Street Jewish Synagogue in Chicago, during the recent distribution there of free tickets for bread and meat, portray in a graphic manner the urgent need and timeliness of this charity. Begun, as it was, hastily and in an unostentatious way by two open-handed merchants, Mr. David Kallis and Mr. A. Kopperl, it has been beneficial in satisfying the hunger of thousands of the unemployed poor, and in affording immediate relief in cases of want where the efforts of an organized public charity would have been defeated by the delay necessary in investigating individual applications for aid. As it was, fully twenty-two thousand needy persons were supplied with food in a single day at the Kopperl agency, with no questions asked as to character, and it is a fact of suggestive interest that although the fund was originated primarily for the relief of the Hebrew poor, but few Jewish people found it necessary to avail themselves of it. Hardly ten per cent. of the beneficiaries were of that race, more than half of the applicants being Poles, Bohemians, Russians, and Germans, and the remainder mostly persons of American parentage.

As soon as the purpose of the charity became generally known, the committee having charge of the distribution of tickets were almost overwhelmed by the rapidly increasing appeals for relief. Applicants in thousands, many of them women with children in their arms, some of whom had come from the outlying suburbs, presented themselves at the agency before the doors were opened, while at the close of business hours, late in the afternoon, there was frequently in waiting a long line of the disappointed to whom it had been impossible to attend. All the applicants were poorly clad, and bore unmistakable evidences of poverty, while some gave indisputable proof of actual want by eating their bread before leaving the room where they received it. An attempt was made at first to record the name and residence of every one to whom aid was given; but this speedily became impracticable, because of the size and unwieldiness of the crowd, from which disorder resulted almost unavoidably. On one occasion the policemen detailed to restrain the throng were roughly handled, but later displays of violence became conspicuous by their rarity.

If there were sham displays of poverty among the applicants for tickets, they were not numerous, as was shown by the sight of men gnawing their loaves of bread before they had left the agency at the synagogue, and of women pausing on the street to break a piece from the loaf hidden under their shawl and devour it ravenously. In a few instances the charity was grossly abused, and of the cases detected two were of so aggravated a nature as to be worthy of mention. One applicant, a woman, had $600 stolen from her pocket while she was waiting at the agency, and an ignorant Pole handed in by mistake a check for $90 in place of a ticket calling for bread. Ordinary attempts at imposition were prevented by a ruse as simple as it was ingenious. As each applicant received his ticket an employé standing near by deftly made a mark of identification on his coat sleeve or shoulder by touching it with a piece of chalk so lightly as not to be felt by the victim. This precaution made a second application for a ticket by the same person almost certain of detection.

The food distributed by this charity was purchased at first entirely from the fund raised by Mr. Kopperl and his friends, but this was materially increased afterwards by individual contributions from other citizens and the local Salvation Army corps, and by a gift of money from the city finance committee. On one day, September 2d, the distribution of bread amounted to 16,676 pounds, and that of meat to 4422 pounds, while the expenditure for three days aggregated $1400. The tickets issued called for from one to eight pounds of bread each and from one to four pounds of meat, while some were made negotiable at neighboring groceries and bakeries. In giving out the tickets attention was paid first to the women applicants, some of whom are depicted in the accompanying illustration as they pass in line before the distributing desk in the synagogue; while another sketch gives a view of the men and boys impatiently waiting their turn.

Such, in brief, is the story of an unpretentious charity that in its practical doing of good was characteristic of Chicago. And though designed to be of only temporary service to its beneficiaries, it is likely to be productive of permanent benefit in indicating to the established aid associations the actual and otherwise hardly credible extent to which destitution prevails among the unemployed poor of the World's Fair city, and thereby prompting them to an increase of efforts for relief.



JUDD STREET ENTRANCE TO THE SYNAGOGUE—THE CROWD CLAMORING FOR ADMISSION.

FEEDING THE UNEMPLOYED IN CHICAGO.—Drawn by E. V. Nadherny.

THE MOONSHINERS AT HOHO-HEBEE FALLS.

(Continued from first page.)

out tongue, as swiftly withdrawn, the egregious display of two rows of dishevelled jagged squirrel teeth, when once more, with an off-hand toss of his tangled brown hair, he nimbly spelled a long twisted-tailed word, and leered capably at the grave intent face framed in the window.

"Why, Abner!" Tyler Sudley would break out, addressing the teacher, all unmindful of scholastic etiquette, a flush of pleasure rising to his swarthy cheek as he thrust back his wide black hat on his long dark hair and turned his candid gray eyes, all aglow, upon the cadaverous ascetic preceptor, who seemed still leaner and lanker as he stood upon his small square platform some eighteen inches high, "ain't Lee-yander a-gittin' on powerful, *powerful* fas' with his book?"

"Not in enny ways so special," Todd would reply in cavalier discouragement, his disaffected gaze resting upon the champion scholar, who stood elated, confident, needing no commendation to assure him of his pre-eminence; "but he air disobejient, an' turr'ble, turr'ble bad."

The nonchalance with which Leander Yerby hearkened to this criticism intimated a persuasion that there were many obedient people in this world, but few who could so disport themselves in the intricacies of the English language; and Sudley, as he plodded homeward with his rifle on his shoulder, his dog running on in advance and Leander pattering along behind, was moved to add the weight of his admonition to the teacher's reproof.

"Lee-yander," he would gently drawl, "ye mustn't be so bad, honey; ye *mustn't* be so turr'ble bad."

"Naw, ma'am, I won't," Leander would cheerily pipe out, and so the procession, forming anew, would wend its way along.

For he still confused the gender in titles of respect, and for reasons of his own he continued to do so in addressing Tyler Sudley for many a year after he had learned better.

These lapses were pathetic rather than ridiculous in the hunter's ears. It was he who had taught Leander every observance of verbal humility toward his wife, in the forlorn hope of propitiating her in the interest of the child, who, however, with his quick understanding that the words sought to do honor and express respect, had of his own accord adopted them in his intercourse with his true friend in the household. The only friend he had in the world, Sudley often felt, with a sigh over the happy child's forlorn estate. And, with the morbid sensitiveness peculiar to a tender conscience, he winced under the knowledge that it was he who, through wrong-headedness or wrong-heartedness, had contrived to make all the world beside the boy's enemy. Both wrong-headed and wrong-hearted he was, he sometimes told himself. For even now, in the light of the accomplished event, it still seemed to him that he had not judged amiss, that only the perversity of fate had thwarted him. Was it so fantastically improbable, so hopeless a solace that he had planned, that he should have thought his wife might take comfort for the death of their own child in making for its sake a home for another, orphaned, forlorn, a burden, and a glad riddance to those into whose grudging charge it had been thrown? This bounty of hope and affection and comfort had seemed to him a free gift from the dead baby's hands, who had no need of it since coming into its infinite heritage of immortality, to the living waif, to whom it was like life itself, since it held all the essential values of existence. The idea smote him like an inspiration. He had ridden twenty miles in a snowy night to beg the unwelcome mite from the custody of its father's half-brothers, on the eve of moving to a neighboring county with all their kin and belongings.

Tyler Sudley was a slow man and tenacious of impressions. He could remember every detail of the events as they had happened—the palpable surprise, the moment of hesitation, the feint of denial which successively ensued on his arrival. It mattered not what the season or the hour—he could behold at will the wintry dawn, the deserted cabin, the glow of embers dying on the hearth within; the white-covered wagon slowly a-creak along the frozen road beneath the gaunt, bare, overhanging trees, the pots and pans as they swung at the rear, the bucket for water swaying beneath, the mounted men beside it, the few head of swine and cattle driven before them. Years had passed, but he could feel anew the vague stir of the living bundle which he held on the pommel of his saddle, the sudden twist it gave to bring its inquiring, apprehensive eyes, so large in its thin, lank-jawed, piteous little countenance, to bear on his face, as if it understood its transfer of custody and trembled lest a worse thing befall it. One of the women stopped the wagon and ran back to pin about its neck an additional wrapping, an old red flannel petticoat, lest it should suffer in its long cold ride. His heart glowed with vicarious gratitude for her forethought, and he shook her warmly by the hand and wished her well, and hoped that she might prosper in her new home, and stood still to watch the white wagon out of sight in the avenue of the snow-laden trees, above which the moon was visible, a-journeying too, swinging down the western sky.

Laurelia Sudley sat in stunned amazement when, half-frozen, but triumphant, and flushed, and full of his story, he burst into the warm home atmosphere and put the animated bundle down upon the hearth-stones in front of the glowing fire. For one moment she met its forlorn gaze out of its peaked and pinched little face with a vague hesitation in her own worn, tremulous, sorrow-stricken eyes. Then she burst into a tumult of tears, upbraiding her husband that he could think that another child could take the place of her dead child—all the dearer because it was dead; that she could play the traitor to its memory and forget her sacred grief; that she could do aught as long as she should live but set her down to bewail her loss, every tear a tribute, every pang its inalienable right, her whole smitten existence a testimony to her love. It was in vain that he expostulated. The idea of substitution had never entered his mind. But he was ignorant, and clumsy of speech, and unaccustomed to analyze his motives. He could not put into words his feeling that in doing for the welfare of this orphaned and unwelcome little creature all that they would have done for their own was in some sort a memorial to him and brought them nearer to him—that she might find in it a satisfaction, an occupation—that it might serve to fill her empty life, her empty arms.

But no! She thought, and the neighbors thought, and after a time Tyler Sudley came to think also, that he had failed in the essential duty to the dead—that of affectionate remembrance; that he was recreant, strangely callous. They all said that he had seemed to esteem one baby as good as another, and that he was surprised that his wife was not consoled for the loss of her own child because he took it into his head to go and toll off the Yerby baby from his father's half-brothers "ez war movin' away an' war glad enough ter get rid o' one head o' human stock ter kerry, though, *bein' human*, they oughter been ashamed ter gin him away like a puppy-dog, or an extry cat, all hands consarned."

From the stand-point she had taken Laurelia had never wavered. It was an added and a continual reproach to her husband that all the labor and care of the ill-advised acquisition fell to her share. She it was who must feed and clothe and tend the gaunt little usurper; he needs must be accorded all the infantile prerogatives, and he exacted continual time and attention. Despite the grudging spirit in which her care was given she failed in no essential, and presently the interloper was no longer gaunt or pallid or apprehensive, but grew pink and cherubic of build, and arrogant of mind. He had no sensitive sub-current of suspicion as to his welcome; he filled the house with his gay babbling, and if no maternal chirpings encouraged the development of his ideas and his powers of speech, his cheerful spirits seemed strong enough to thrive on their own stalwart endowments. His hair began to curl, and a neighbor, remarking on it to Laurelia, and forgetting for the moment his parentage, said, in admiring glee, twining the soft tendrils over her finger, that Mrs. Sudley had never had a child so well-favored as this one. From this time forth was infused a certain rancor into his foster-mother's spirit toward him. Her sense of martyrdom was complete when another child was born—a feeble little creature that soon languished and fell away, and left her bereaved once more to watch this other child grow up in her house, strong and hearty, and handsomer than any of hers had been.

The mountain gossips had their own estimate of her attitude.

"I ain't denyin' but what she hed nat'ral feelin' fur her own chil'ren, bein' dead," said the dame who had made the unfortunate remark about the curling hair, "but Laurelia Sudley war always a contrary-minded, lackadaisical kind o' gal afore she war married; sorter set in opposition, an' now ez she ain't purty like she uster was, through cryin' her eyes out, an' gittin' sallow-complected an' bony, I kin notice her contrariousness more. Ef Tyler hedn't brung that chile home, like ez not she'd hev sot her heart on borryin' one herself from somebody. Lee-yander ain't in no wise abused, ez I kin see—ain't acquainted with the rod like the Bible say he oughter be, an' ennybody kin see ez Laurelia don't like the name he gin her, yit she puts up with it. She larnt him ter call Ty 'Cap'n', bein' she's sorter proud of it, 'kase Ty war a Cap'n of a critter company in the war: 'twarn't sech a mighty matter nohow; he jes got ter be Cap'n through the other off'cers bein' killed off. An' the leetle boy got it twisted somehows, an' calls *her* 'Cap'n' an' Ty 'Neighbor,' from hearin' old man Jeemes, ez comes in constant, givin' him that old-fashioned name. 'Cap'n' 'bout fits Laurelia, though, an' that's a fac'."

Her melancholy ascendency in the household was very complete. It was characterized by no turbulence, no rages, no long-drawn argument or objurgation; it expressed itself only in a settled spirit of disaffection, a pervasive suggestion of martyrdom, silence or sighs, or sometimes a depressing singing of hymn tunes. For her husband had long ago ceased to remonstrate, or to seek to justify himself. It was with a spirit of making amends that he hastened to concede every point of question, to defer to her preference in all matters, and Laurelia's sway grew more and more absolute as the years wore on. Leander Yerby could remember no other surroundings than the ascetic atmosphere of his home. It had done naught apparently to quell the innate cheerfulness of his spirit. He evidently took note of the different stand-point of the "Captain" and his "Neighbor," for he was instant in the little manifestations of respect toward her which he had been taught, but his childish craft could not conceal their spuriousness.

"That thar boy treats me ez ef I war a plumb idjit," Laurelia said one day, moved to her infrequent anger. "Tells me, 'Yes, ma'am, Cap'n,' an' 'Naw, ma'am, Cap'n,' jes ter quiet me, like folks useter do ter old Ed'ard Griggs, ez war in his dotage, an' then goes along an' does the very thing I tell him not ter do."

Sudley looked up as he sat smoking his pipe by the fire, a shade of constraint in his manner and a contraction of anxiety in his slow dark eyes, never quite absent when she spoke to him aside of Leander.

She paused, setting her gaunt arms akimbo, and wearing the manner of one whose kindly patience is beyond limit abused. "Kems in hyar, he do, a-totin' a fiddle. An' I says, 'Lee-yander Yerby, don't ye know that thar thing's the devil's snare?' 'Naw, ma'am, Cap'n,' he says, grinnin' like a imp; 'it's *my* snare, fur I hev bought it from Peter Teazely fur two rabbits what I cotch in my trap, an' my big red rooster, an' a bag o' seed pop-corn, an' the only hat I hev got in the worl'.' An' with that the consarn gin sech a yawp, it plumb went through my haid. An' then the critter jes tuk ter a-bowin' it back an' forth, a-playin' 'The Chicken in the Bread-trough' like demented, a-dancin' off on fust one foot an' then on t'other till the puncheons shuck. An' I druv him out the house. I won't stan' none o' Satan's devices hyar! I tole him he couldn't fetch that fiddle hyar whenst he kems home ter-night, an' I be a-goin' ter make him a sun-bonnet or a nightcap ter wear stiddier his hat that he traded off."

She paused for a moment.

Her husband had risen, his pipe fading in his unheeding hand, his excited eye fixed upon her. "Laurely," he exclaimed, "ye ain't meanin' ez that thar leetle critter could play a chune fust off on a fiddle 'thout no larnin'!"

She nodded her head in reluctant admission.

He opened his mouth once or twice, emitting no sound. She saw how his elation, his spirit of commendation, his pride, set at naught her displeasure, albeit in self-defence, perchance, he dared not say a word. With an eye alight and an absorbed face, he laid his pipe on the mantel-piece, and silently took his way out of the house in search of the youthful musician.

Easily found. The racked and tortured echoes were all aquake within half a mile of the spot where, bareheaded, heedless of the threatened ignominy alike of sun-bonnet or nightcap, Leander sat in the flickering sunshine and shadow upon a rock beside the spring, and blissfully experimented with all the capacities of catgut to produce sound.

"Listen, Neighbor!" he cried out, descrying Tyler Sudley in the distance—who could do naught else. "*Listen!* Ye won't hear much better fiddlin' this side o' kingdom come!" And with glad assurance he capered up and down, the bow elongating the sound to a cadence of frenzied glee, as his arms sought to accommodate the nimbler motions of his legs.

Thus it was the mountaineers later said that he fell into bad company. For, the fiddle being forbidden in the sober Laurelia's house, he must needs go elsewhere to show his gift and his growing skill, and he found a welcome fast enough. Before he had advanced beyond his stripling youth, his untutored facility had gained a rude mastery over the instrument; he played with a sort of fascination and spontaneity that endeared his art to his uncritical audiences, and his endowment was held as something wonderful. And now it was that Laurelia, hearing him, far away in the open air, play once a plaintive, melodic strain, a fugue with the elfin echoes, felt a strange soothing in the sound, found tears in her eyes, not all of pain but of sad pleasure, and assumed thenceforth something of the port of a connoisseur. She said she "couldn't abide a fiddle jes sawed helter-skelter by them ez hedn't larned, but ter play soft, an' slow, an' solemn, and no dancin' chune, no frolic song—she warn't set agin that at all." And she desired of Leander a repetition of this sunset motive that evening when he had come home late and she discovered him hiding the obnoxious instrument under the porch. But in vain. He did not remember it. It was some vague impulse, as unconsciously voiced as the dreaming bird's song in the sudden half-awake intervals of the night. Over and again, as he stood by the porch, the violin in his arms, he touched the strings tentatively, as if, perchance, being so alive, they might of their own motion recall the strain that had so lately thrilled along them.

He had grown tall and slender. He wore boots to his knees now, and pridefully carried "a shootin'-iron" in one of the long legs—to his great discomfort. The freckles of his early days were merged into the warm uniform tint of his tanned complexion. His brown hair still curled; his shirt collar fell away from his throat, round and full and white—the singer's throat—as he threw his head backward and cast his large roving eyes searchingly along the sky, as if the missing strain had wings.

The inspiration returned no more, and Laurelia experienced a sense of loss. "Some time, Lee-yander, ef ye war ter kem acrost that chune agin, try ter set it in yer remembrance, an' play it whenst ye kem home," she said, wistfully, at last, as if this errant melody were afloat somewhere in the vague realms of sounds, where one native to those haunts might hope to encounter it anew.

"Yes, ma'am, Cap'n, I will," he said, with his facile assent. But his tone expressed slight intention, and his indifference bespoke a too great wealth of "chunes," sweet illusions of sound; he could feel no lack in some unremembered combination, sport of the moment, when another strain would come at will, as sweet perchance, and new.

She winced as from undeserved reproach when presently Leander's proclivities for the society of the gay young blades about the country-side, sometimes reputed "evil men," were attributed to this exile of the violin from the hearth-stone. She roused herself to disputation, to indignant repudiation.

"They talk ez ef it war *me* ez led the drinkin', an' the gamin', an' the dancin', and sech, ez goes on in the Cove, 'kase whenst Lee-yander war about fryin' size I wouldn't abide ter hev him a-sawin' away on the fiddle in the house enuff ter make me deef fur life; at fust the racket of it skeered Towse so he wouldn't come out from under the house fur two days an' better; he jes' sot under thar an' growled, an' shivered, an' showed his teeth ef ennybody spoke ter him. Nobody don't like Lee-yander's performin' better'n I do whenst he plays them saaft, slippin'-away, slow medjures, ez sound plumb religious—ef 'twarnt a sin ter say so. Naw, sir, ef ennybody hev sot Lee-yander on ter evil ways 'twarn't me. My conscience be clear."

Nevertheless she was grievously ill at ease when one day there rode up to the fence a tall, gaunt, ill-favored man, whose long, lean, sallow countenance, of a Pharisaic cast, was vaguely familiar to her as one recognizes real lineaments in the contortions of a caricature or the bewilderments of a dream. She felt as if in some long-previous existence she had seen this man as he dismounted at the gate and came up the path with his saddle-bags over his arm. But it was not until he mustered an unready, unwilling smile, that had of good-will and geniality so slight an intimation that it was like a spasmodic grimace, did she perceive how time had deepened tendencies to traits, how the inmost thought and the secret sentiment had been graven upon the face in the betrayals of the sculpture of fifteen years.

"Nehemiah Yerby!" she exclaimed. "I would hev knowed ye in the happy land o' Canaan."

"Let's pray we may all meet thar, Sister Sudley," he responded. "Let's pray that the good time may find none of us unprofitable servants."

Mrs. Sudley experienced a sudden recoil. Not that she did not echo his wish, but somehow his manner savored of an exclusive arrogation of piety and a subtle suggestion of reproach.

"That's my prayer," she retorted, aggressively. "Day an' night, that's my prayer."

"Yes'm, fur us an' our households, Sister Sudley—we mus' think o' them c'mitted ter our charge."

She strove to fling off the sense of guilt that oppressed her, the mental attitude of arraignment. He was a young man when he journeyed away in that snowy dawn. She did not know what changes had come in his life. Perchance his effervescent piety was only a habit of speech, and had no significance as far as she was concerned. The suspicion, however, tamed her in some sort. She attempted no retort. With a mechanical reluctant smile, ill adjusted to her own sorrow-lined face, she made an effort to assume that the greeting had been but the conventional phrasings of the day.

"Kem in, kem in, Nehemiah; Tyler will be glad ter see ye, an' I reckon ye will be powerful interested ter view how Lee-yander hev growed an' prospered."

She felt as if she were in some terrible dream as she beheld him slowly wag his head from side to side. He had followed her into the large main room of the cabin, and had laid his saddle-bags down by the side of the chair in which he had seated himself, his elbows on his knees, his hands held out to the flickering blaze in the deep chimney place, his eyes significantly narrowing as he gazed upon it.

"Naw, Sister Sudley," he wagged his head more mournfully, "I kin but grieve ter hear how my nevy Lee-yander hev 'prospered,' ez ye call it, an' I be s'prised ye should gin it sech a name. Oh-h-h, Sister Sudley!" in prolonged and dreary vocative, "I 'lowed ye war a godly woman. I knowed yer name 'mongst the church-goers an' the church-members." A faint flush sprang into her delicate faded cheek; a halo encircled this repute of sanctity; she felt with quivering premonition that it was about to be urged as a testimony against her. "Elsewise I wouldn't hev gin my cornsent ter hev lef' the leetle lam', Lee-yander, in yer fold. Precious, precious leetle lam'!"

Poor Laurelia! Were it not that she had a sense of fault under the scathing arraignment of her motives, her work, and its result, although she scarcely saw how she was to blame, that she had equally with him esteemed Leander's stand-point iniquitous, she might have made a better fight in her own interest. Why she did not renounce the true culprit as one on whom all godly teachings were wasted, protest her fruitless, guerdonless labors these many years, and, adopting the indisputable vantage-ground of heredity, carry the war into the enemy's country, ascribing Leander's short-comings to his Yerby blood, and with stern and superior joy proclaim that he was neither kith nor kin of hers, she wondered afterward, for this valid ground of defence did not occur to her then. In these long mourning years she had grown dull; her mental processes were either a sad introspection or reminiscence. Now she could only take info account her sacrifices of feeling, of time, of care; the illnesses she had nursed, the garments that she had made and mended—ah, how many! laid votive on the altar of Leander's vigor and his agility, for as he scrambled about the crags he seemed, she was wont to say, to climb straight out of them. The recollection of all this—the lesser and unspiritual maternal values, perchance, but essential—surged over her with bitterness; she lost her poise and fell a-bickering.

"'Precious leetle lam','" she repeated, scornfully. "Precious he mus' hev been! Fur when ye lef' him he hedn't a whole gyarmint ter his back, an' none but them that kivered him."

Nehemiah Yerby changed color slightly as the taunt struck home, but he was skilled in the more æsthetic methods of argument.

"We war pore—mighty pore indeed, Sister Sudley."

Now, consciously in the wrong, Sister Sudley, with true feminine inconsistency, felt better. She retorted with bravado.

"Needle an' thread ain't 'spensive nowhar ez I knows on, an' the gov'mint hev sot no tax on saaft soap, so far ez hearn from."

She briskly placed her chair, a rude rocker, the seat formed of a taut-stretched piece of ox-hide, beside the fire, and took up her knitting. A sock for Leander it was—one of many of all sizes. She remembered the first that she measured for the bare pink toes which he had brought there, forlorn candidates for the comfortable integuments in which they were presently encased, and how she had morbidly felt that every stitch she took was a renunciation of her own children, since a stranger was honored in their place. The tears came into her eyes. It was only this afternoon that she had experienced a pang of self-reproach to realize how near happiness she was—as near as her temperament could approach. But somehow the air was so soft; she could see from where she sat how the white velvet buds of the aspen-trees in the door-yard had lengthened into long cream-tinted furry tassels; the maples on the mountain-side lifted their red flowering boughs against the delicate blue sky; the grass was so green; the golden candlesticks bunched along the margin of the path to the rickety gate were all a-blossoming. The sweet appeal of spring had never seemed more insistent, more coercive. Somehow hope, peace, a placid content, were as essential incidents in the inner life as the springing of the grass anew, the bursting of the bud, or the soft awakening of the zephyr. Even within, the languors of the fire drowsing on the hearth, the broad bar of sunshine across the puncheon floor, so slowly creeping away, the sense of the vernal lengthening of the pensive afternoon, the ever-flitting shadow of the wren building under the eaves, and its iterative gladsome song breaking the fireside stillness, partook of the serene beatitude of the season and the hour. His drawling voice invaded the quietude, and she was not now constrained to reproach herself that she was too happy.

"Yes'm, pore though we war then, an' we couldn't look for'd ter the Lord's prosperin' us some sence, we never would hev lef' the precious leetle lam'"—his voice dwelt with unvanquished emphasis upon the obnoxious words—"'mongst enny but them persumed ter be godly folks. Tyler war a toler'ble good soldier in the war, an' hed a good name in the church, but *ye* war persumed ter be a plumb special Christian with no pledjure in this worl'."

Laurelia winced anew. This repute of special sanctity was the pride of her ascetic soul. Few of the graces of life or of the spirit had she coveted, but her pre-eminence as a religionist she had fostered and cherished, and now through her own deeds of charity it seemed about to be wrested from her.

"Lee-yander Yerby hev larnt nuthin' but good in this house, an' all my neighbors will tell you the same word. The mounting 'lows I hev been *too* strict."

Nehemiah was dancing composedly about the room. "That thar 'pears ter be a fiddle on the wall, ain't it, Mis' Sudley?" he said, with an incidental air and the manner of changing the subject.

Alack, for the æsthetic perversion! Since the playing of those melancholy minor strains in that red sunset so long ago, which had touched so responsive a chord in Laurelia's grief-worn heart, the crazy old fiddle had been naturalized, as it were, and had exchanged its domicile under the porch for a position on the wall. It was boldly visible, and apparently no more ashamed of itself than was the big earthen jar, half full of cream, which sat close into the fireplace on the hearth in the hope of becoming sour enough by to-morrow to be churned.

Laurelia looked up with a start at the instrument, red and lustrous against the brown log wall, its bow poised jauntily above it, and some glistening yellow reflection from the sun on the floor playing amongst the strings, elusive soundless fantasies.

Her lower jaw dropped. She was driven to her last defences and sore beset. "It air a fiddle," she said, slowly, at last, and with an air of conscientious admission, as if she had half a mind to deny it. "A fiddle the thing air." Then, as she collected her thoughts, "Brother Pete Pendergast 'lows ez he sees no special sin in playin' the fiddle. He 'lows ez in some kentries—I disremember whar—they plays on 'em in church, quirin' an' hymn chunes an' sech."

Her voice faltered a little; she had never thought to quote this fantasy in her own defence, for she secretly believed that old man Pendergast must have been humbugged by some worldly brother skilled in drawing the long bow himself.

Nehemiah Yerby seemed specially endowed with a conscience for the guidance of other people, so quick was he to descry and pounce upon their dereliction. If one's sins is sure to find one out, there is little doubt but that Brother Nehemiah would be on the ground first.

"Air you-uns a-settin' under the preachin' o' Brother Peter Pendergast?" he demanded in a sepulchral voice.

"Naw, naw," she was glad to recant. "'Twar onderstood ez Brother Pendergast wanted a call ter the church in the Cove, bein' ez his relations live hyarabouts, an' he kem up an' preached a time or two. But he didn't git no call. The brethren 'lowed Brother Pendergast war too slack in his idees o' religion. Some said his hell warn't half hot enough. Thar air some powerful sinners in the Cove, an' nuthin' but good live coals an' a liquid blazin' fire air a-goin' deter them from the evil o' thar ways. So Brother Pendergast went back the road he kem."

She knit off her needle while with his head still bent forward Nehemiah Yerby sourly eyed her, feeling himself a loser with Brother Pendergast, in that he did not have the reverend man's incumbency as a grievance.

"He 'pears ter me ter see mo' pleasure in religion 'n penance, ennyhow," he observed, bitterly. "An' the Lord knows the bes' of us air sinners."

"An' he laughs loud an' frequent—mightily like a sinner," she agreed. "An' whenst he prays, he prays loud an' hearty, like he jes expected ter git what he axed fur sure's shootin', 'thout inquirin' enough on the Lord's will. Some o' the bretherin' sorter taxed him with his sperits, an' he 'lowed he couldn't holp but be cheerful whenst he hed the Lord's word fur it ez all things work tergether fur good. An' he laffed same ez ef they hedn't spoke ter him serious."

"Look at that, now!" exclaimed Nehemiah. "An' that thar man ez good ez dead with the heart-disease."

Laurelia's eyes were suddenly arrested by his keen, pinched, lined face. What there was in it to admonish her she could hardly have said, nor how it served to tutor her innocent craft.

"I ain't so sure 'bout Brother Pendergast bein' so wrong," she said, slowly. "He 'lowed ter me ez I hed spent too much o' my life a-sorrowin', 'stiddier a-praisin' the Lord for His mercies." Her face twitched suddenly; she could not yet look upon her bereavements as mercies. "He 'lowed I would hev been a happier an' a better 'oman ef I hed took the evil ez good from the Lord's hand, fur in His sendin' it's the same. An' I know that air a true word. An' that's what makes me 'low what he said war true 'bout'n that fiddle; that I ought never ter hev pervented the boy from playin' 'round home an' sech, an' 'twarn't no sin but powerful comfortable an' pleasurable ter set roun' of a cold winter night an' hear him play them slow, sweet, dyin'-away chunes—" She dropped her hands, and gazed with the rapt eyes of remembrance through the window where the sunset clouds gathering, red and purple and gold, on the mountain's brow were reflected roseate and amethyst and amber at the mountain's base on the steely surface of the river. "Brother Pendergast 'lowed he never hearn sech in all his life. It brung the tears ter his eyes—it surely did."

"He'd a heap better be weepin' fur them black sheep o' his congregation an' fur Lee-yander's shortcomin's, fur ez fur ez I kin hear he air about ez black a sheep ez most pastors want ter wrestle with fur the turnin' away from thar sins. Yes'm, Sister Sudley, that's jes what p'inted out my jewty plain afore my eyes, an' I riz up an' kem ter be instant in a-doin' of it. 'I'll not leave my own nevy in the tents o' sin,' I sez. 'I hev chil'n o' my own, hearty feeders an' hard on shoe-leather, ter support, but I'll not grudge my brother's son a home.' Yes, Laurely Sudley, I hev kem ter kerry him back with me. Yer jewty ain't been done by him, an' I'll leave him a dweller in the tents o' sin no longer."

His enthusiasm had carried him too far. Laurelia's face, which at first seemed turning to stone as she gradually apprehended his meaning and his mission, changed from motionless white to a tremulous scarlet while he spoke, and when he ceased she retorted herself as one of the ungodly.

"Ye mus' be mighty ambitious ter kerry away a skin full o' broken bones! Jes let Tyler Sudley hear ye call his house the tents o' the ungodly, an' that ye kem hyar a-faultin' me, an' tellin' me ez I 'ain't done my jewty ennywhar or ennyhow!" she exclaimed, with a pride, which as a pious saint she had never expected to feel, in her husband's reputation as a high-tempered man and a "mighty handy fighter," and with implicit reliance upon both endowments in her quarrel.

"Only in a speritchual sense, Sister Sudley," Nehemiah gasped, as he made haste to qualify his asseveration. "I only charge you with havin' sp'iled the boy; ye hev sp'iled him through kindness ter him, an' not *ye* so much ez Ty. Ty never hed so much ez a dog that would mind him! His dog wouldn't answer call nor whistle 'thout he war so disposed. *I* never faulted ye, Sister Sudley; 'twar jes Ty I faulted. I know Ty."

He knew, too, that it was safer to call Ty and his doings in question, big and formidable and belligerent though he was, than his meek-mannered, melancholy, forlorn, and diminutive wife. Nehemiah rose up and walked back and forth for a moment with an excited face and a bent back and a sort of rabbitlike action. "Now, I put it to you, Sister Sudley, air Ty a-makin' that thar boy plough ter-day—jes *be-youtiful* field weather?"

Sister Sudley, victorious, having regained her normal position by one single natural impulse of self-assertion, not as a religionist, but as Tyler Sudley's wife, and hence entitled to all the show of respect which that fact unaided could command, sat looking at him with a changed face—a face that seemed twenty years younger; it had the expression it wore before it had grown pinched and ascetic and insistently sorrowful; one might guess what she looked like when Tyler Sudley first came up the mountain "a-courtin'." She sought to assume no other stand-point. Here she was intrenched. She shook her head in negation. The affair was none of hers. Ty Sudley could take ample care of it.

He gave a little skip that might suggest a degree of triumph. "Aha, not ploughin'! But *Ty* is ploughin'. I seen him in the field. An' Lee-yander ain't ploughin'! An' how did I know? Ez I war a-ridin' along through the woods this mornin' I kem acrost a striplin' lad a-walkin' through the undergrowth ez onconsarned ez a killdee an' ez nimble. An' under his chin war a fiddle, an' his head war craned down ter it." He mimicked the attitude as he stood on the hearth. "He never more'n looked up wunst ter gin me a nod. Away he walked, light ez a plover, an' *a-ping, pang, ping, pang,*" in a high falsetto, "went that fiddle! I war plumb 'shamed fur the critters in the woods ter view sech idle sinfulness; a ole ow*el*, a-blinkin' down out'n a hollow tree, kem ter see what *ping, pang, ping, pang* meant, an' thar war a rabbit settin' up on two legs in the bresh, an' a few stray razor-back hawgs; I tell ye I war mortified 'fore even sech citizens ez them, an' a lazy, impident-lookin' dog ez followed him."

"How did ye know 'twar Lee-yander?" demanded Mrs. Sudley, recognizing the description perfectly, but after judicial methods requiring strict proof.

"Oh-h! by the fambly favor," protested the gaunt and hard-featured Nehemiah, capably. "I knowed the Yerby eye."

"He hev got his mother's eyes." Mrs. Sudley had certainly changed her stand-point with a vengeance. "He hev got his mother's *be-you-ti-ful blue* eyes and her curling silken brown hair—sorter red; little Yerby in *that*, mebbe; but sech eyes, an' sech lashes, an' sech fine curling hair ez none o' yer fambly ever hed, or ever will."

"Mebbe so. I never seen him more'n a minit. But he might ez well hev a *be-you-ti-ful* curlin' nose, like the elephint in the show, for all the use he air, or I be afeard air ever likely ter be."

Tyler Sudley's face turned gray, despite his belligerent efficiencies, when his wife, hearing the clank of the ox yoke as it was flung down in the shed outside, divined the home-coming of the ploughman and his team, and slipped out to the barn with her news. She realized, with a strange enlightenment as to her own mental processes, what angry jealousy the look on his face would have roused in her only so short a time ago—jealousy for the sake of her own children, that any loss, any grief, should be poignant and pierce his heart save for them. Now she was sorry for him; she felt with him.

But as he continued silent, and only stared at her dumfounded and piteous, she grew frightened—she knew not of what.

"Shucks, Ty!" she exclaimed, catching him by the shirt sleeve with the impulse to rouse him, to awaken him, as it were, to his own old familiar identity; "ye ain't 'feared o' that thar snaggle-toothed skeercrow in yander; he would be plumb comical ef he didn't look so mean-natured an' sech a hypercrite."

He gazed at her, his eyes eloquent with pain.

"Laurely!" he gasped, "this hyar thing plumb knocks me down; it jes takes the breath o' life outn me!"

She hesitated for a moment. Somehow any anxiety, any trouble, seemed so incongruous with the sweet spring-tide peace in the air, that one did not readily take it home to heart. Hope was in the atmosphere like an essential element; one might call it oxygen or caloric or vitality, according to the tendency of mind and the habit of speech. But the heart knew it, and the pulses beat strongly responsive to it. Faith ruled the world. Some tiny bulbous thing at her feet that had impeded her step caught her attention. It was coming up from the black earth, and the buried darkness, and the chill winter's torpor, with all the impulses of confidence in the light without, and the warmth of the sun, and the fresh showers that were aggregating in the clouds somewhere for its nurture—a blind inanimate thing like that! But Tyler Sudley felt none of it; a blow had fallen upon him, stunning him. He stood silent, looking gropingly into the purple dusk, veined with silver glintings of the moon, as if he sought to view in the future some event which he dreaded, and yet shrank to see.

She had rarely played the consoler, so heavily had she and all her griefs leaned on his supporting arm. It was powerless now. She perceived this, all dismayed at the responsibility that had fallen upon her. She made an effort to rally his courage. She had more faith in it than in her own.

"'Feard o' *him!*" she exclaimed, with a sharp tonic note of satire. "Kem in an' view him."

"Laurely," he quavered, "I oughter hev got it down in writin' from him; I oughter made him sign papers agreein' fur me ter keep the boy till he growed ter be his own man."

She too grew pale. "Ye ain't meanin' ter let him take the boy sure enough!" she gasped.

"I moughtn't be able ter holp it; I dun'no' how the law stands. He air kin ter Lee-yander, an' mebbe hev got the bes' right ter him."

She shivered slightly; the dew was falling, and all the budding herbage was glossed with a silver glister. The shadows were sparse. The white branches of the aspens cast only the symmetrical outline of the tree form on the illumined grass, and seemed scarcely less bare than in winter, but on one swaying bough the mocking-bird sang all the joyous prophesies of the spring to the great silver moon that made his gladsome day so long.

She was quick to notice the sudden cessation of his song, the alert downward poise of his beautiful head, his tense critical attitude. A mimicking whistle was on the air, now soft, now keen, with swift changes and intricate successions of tones, ending in a brilliant borrowed roulade, delivered with a wonderful velocity and *élan*. The long tail feathers, all standing stiffly upward, once more drooped; the mocking-bird turned his head from side to side, then lifting his full throat he poured forth again his incomparable, superb, infinitely versatile melody, fixing his glittering eye on the moon, and heeding the futilely ambitious worldling no more.

The mimicking sound meant more to Laurelia than the fiat of the vocal connoisseur. It heralded the approach of Leander. Her heart, full of bitterness for his sake, throbbed tenderly for him. Ah, what was to be his fate! What unkind lot did the future hold for him in the clutches of a man like this! Suddenly she was pitying his mother—her own children, how safe!

She winced to tell him what had happened, but she it was who, bracing her nerves, made the disclosure, for Sudley remained silent, the end of the ox yoke in his trembling hands, his head bare to the moon and the dew, his face grown lined and old.

Leander stood staring at her out of his moonlit blue eyes, his hat far back on the brown curls she had so vaunted, damp and crisp and clinging, the low limp collar of his unbleached shirt showing his round full throat, one hand resting on the high curb of the well, the other holding a great brown gourd full of the clear water which he had busied himself in securing while she sought to prepare him to hear the worst. His lips, like a bent bow as she thought, were red and still moist as he now and then took the gourd from them, and held it motionless in the interest of her narration, that indeed touched him so nearly. Then, as she made point after point clear to his comprehension, he would once more lift the gourd and drink deeply, for he had had an active day, inducing a keen thirst.

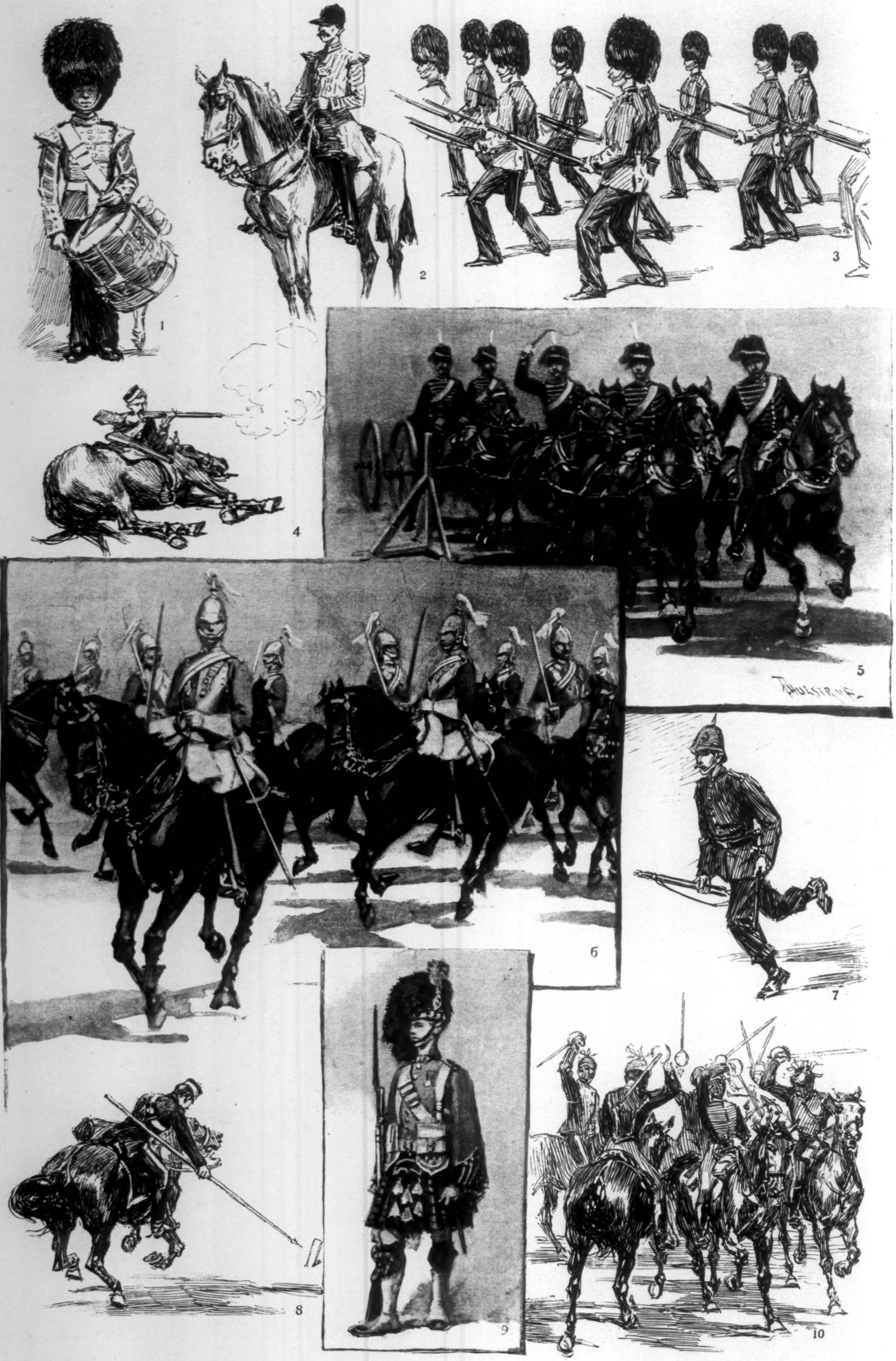
She had been preparing herself for the piteous spectacle of his frantic fright, his bootless futile reliance on them who had always befriended him, his callow forlorn helplessness, his tears, his reproaches; she dreaded them.

He was silent for a reflective moment when she had paused. "But what's he want with me, Cap'n?" he suddenly demanded. "Mought know I warn't industrious in the field, ez he seen me off a-fiddlin' in the woods whilst Neighbor war a-ploughin'."

"Mebbe he 'lows he mought *make* ye industrious an' git cornsider'ble work out'n ye," she faltered, flinching for him.

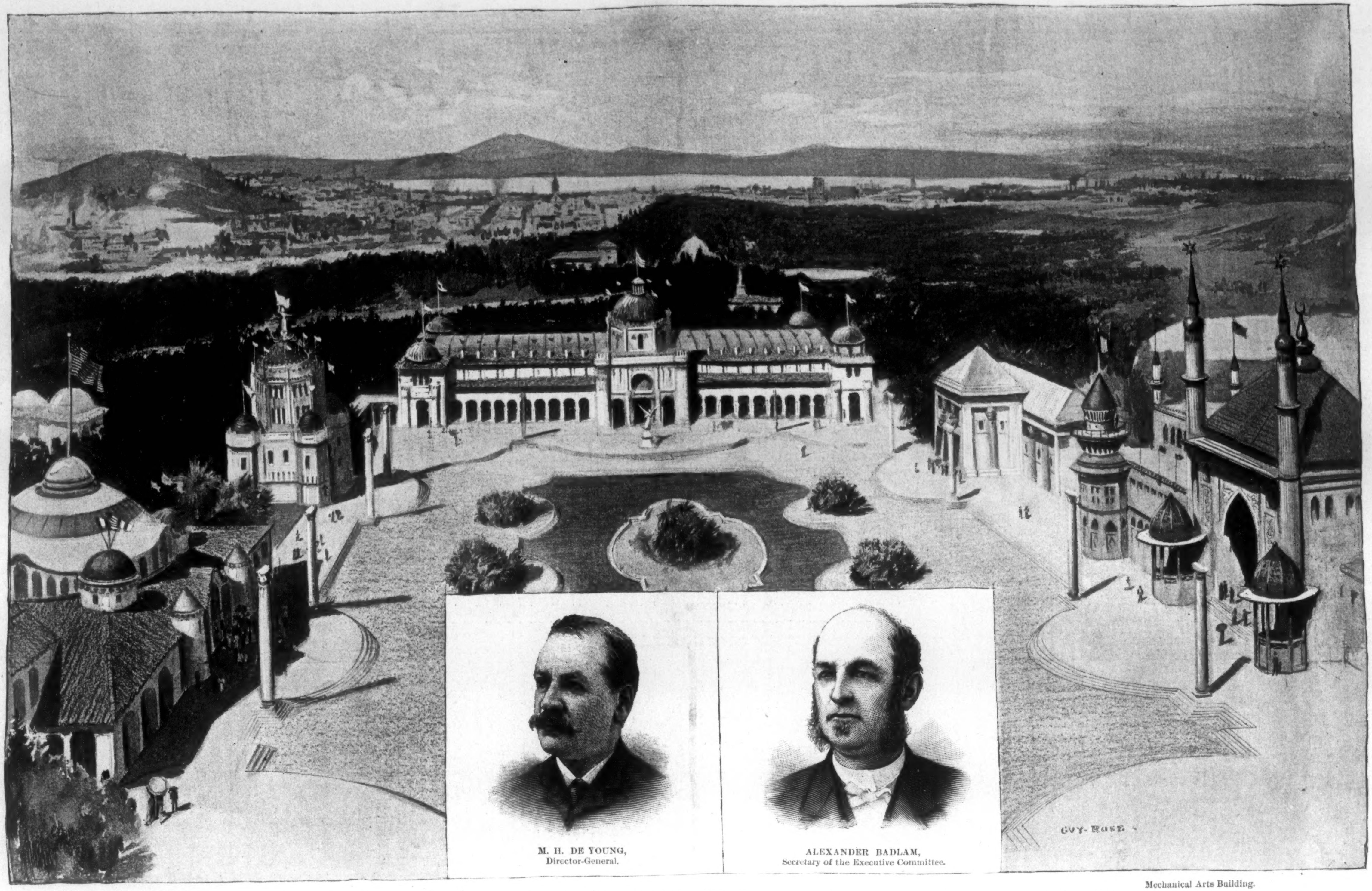
After another refreshing gulp from the gourd, he canvassed this dispassionately. "Say his own chil'n air 'hearty feeders an' hard on shoe-leather?' Takes a good deal o' goadin'

(*Continued on page 910.*)



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE ENGLISH MILITARY TOURNAMENT.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 918.]

1. Drummer-Boy. 2. Trumpeter, Lifeguards. 3. Bayonet Exercise. 4. Cavalry Horse lying down. 5. Driving by Royal Horse Artillery. 6. Musical Ride, First Lifeguards. 7. Rifleman. 8. Tent-Pegging. 9. Highlander. 10. Balaklava Mêlée.


Administration Building.
Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.
Fine Arts Building.
M. H. DE YOUNG,
Director-General.
ALEXANDER BADLAM,
Secretary of the Executive Committee.
GUY-ROSE
Agricultural and Horticultural Building.
Mechanical Arts Building.

THE MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT SAN FRANCISCO.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE FROM THE ACCEPTED DESIGNS.—[SEE PAGE 914.]

(*Continued from page 907.*)

ter git ploughin' enough fur the wuth o' feed outn a tol-er'ble beastis like old Blaze-face thar, don't it, Neighbor?—an' how is it a-goin' ter be with a human ez mebbe will hold back an' air sot agin ploughin' ennyhow, an' air sorter idle by profession? 'Twould gin him a heap o' trouble—more'n the ploughin' an' sech would be wuth—a heap o' trouble." Once more he bowed his head to the gourd.

"He 'lowed ye shouldn't dwell no mo' in the tents o' sin. He seen the fiddle, Lee; it's all complicated with the fiddle," she quavered, very near tears of vexation.

He lifted a smiling moonlit face as if the gourd had held some exhilarating elixir; his half-suppressed laugh echoed gurglingly in it. "Cap'n," he said, reassuringly, "I 'ain't never seen nobody spen' money ter save other folks's souls. They'll talk—laws-a-massy, they'll *talk!* An' they'll spen' time—freely. But money! Naw, sir! Jes let's hear Uncle Nehemiah talk some mo', an' ef I can't see no mo' likely work fur me 'n ploughin', I'll feel mighty safe."

They felt like three conspirators as they drew their chairs around the fire with the unsuspicious Uncle Nehemiah after supper. However, Nehemiah Yerby could hardly be esteemed unsuspicious in any point of view, so full of vigilant craft was his intention in every anticipation, so slyly sanctimonious was his long countenance.

There could hardly have been a greater contrast than Tyler Sudley's aspect presented. His candid face seemed a mirror for his thought; he had had scant experience in deception, and he proved a most unlikely novice in the art. His features were heavy and set; his manner brooding and depressed; he did not alertly follow the conversation; on the contrary, he seemed oblivious of it as his full dark eyes rested absently on the fire. More than once he passed his hand across them with a harassed, troubled manner, and he sighed heavily. For which his co-conspirators could have fallen upon him. How could he be so dull, so forgetful of all save the fear of separation from the boy he had reared, that he loved as his own son; how could he fail to know that a jaunty, assured mien might best serve his interests until at any rate the blow had fallen; why should he wear the insignia of defeat before the strength of his claim was tested? Assuredly his manner was calculated to greatly re-enforce Nehemiah Yerby's confidence, and to assist in eliminating difficulties in the urging of his superior rights and the carrying out of his scheme. Mrs. Sudley's heart sank as she caught a significant gleam from the boy's eyes; he too appreciated this disastrous policy, this virtual surrender before a blow was struck.

"An' Ty ain't afeard o' bars," she silently commented, "nor wolves, nor wind, nor lightning, nor man in enny kind o' a free fight; but bekase he dun'no' how the *law* stands, an' air afeard the law *mought* be able ter take Lee-yander, he jes sets thar ez pitiful ez a lost kid, fairly ready ter blate aloud."

She descried the covert triumph twinkling amongst the wrinkles and the sparse light lashes of Nehemiah's eyes as he droned on an ever-lengthening account of his experiences since leaving the county.

"It's a mighty satisfyin' thing ter be well off in yearthly goods an' chattels," said Laurelia, with sudden inspiration. "Ty, thar, is in debt."

For Uncle Nehemiah had been dwelling unctuously upon the extent to which it had pleased the Lord to prosper him. His countenance fell suddenly. His discomfiture was two-fold in her unexpected disclosure, in that it furnished a reason for Tyler's evident depression of spirits, and demolished the augury that his manner had afforded as to the success of the guest's mission, and furthermore, to Nehemiah's trafficking soul, it suggested that a money consideration might be exacted to mollify the rigors of parting.

For Nehemiah Yerby had risen to the dignities, solvencies, and responsibilities of opening a store at the cross-roads in Kildeer County. It was a new and darling enterprise with him, and his mind and speech could not long be wiled away from the subject. This abrupt interjection of a new element into his cogitations gave him pause, and he did not observe the sudden rousing of Tyler Sudley from his reverie, and the glance of indignant reproach which he cast on his wife. No man, however meek, or however bowed down with sorrow, will bear unmoved a gratuitous mention of his debts; it seems to wound him with all the rancor of insult, and to enrage him with the hopelessness of adequate retort or reprisal. It is an indignity, like taunting a ghost with cock-crow, or exhorting a clergyman to repentance. He flung himself all at once into the conversation, to bar and baffle any renewed allusion to that subject, and it was accident rather than intention which made him grasp Nehemiah in the vise of a quandary also.

"Ye say ye got a store an' a stock o' truck, Nehemiah. Air ye ekal ter keepin' store an' sech?" he demanded, speculatively, with an inquiring and doubtful corrugation of his brows, from which a restive lock of hair was flung backward like the toss of a horse's mane.

"I reckon so," Nehemiah sparely responded, blinking at him across the fireplace.

"An' ye say ye hev applied fur the place o' postmaster?" Tyler prosed on. "All that takes a power o' knowledge—readin' an' writin' an' cipherin' an' sech. How air ye expectin' ter hold out, 'kase I know ye never hed no mo' larnin' than me, an' I war acquainted with ye till ye war thirty years old an' better?"

The tenor of this discourse did not comport with his customary suavity and tactful courtesy toward a guest, but he was much harassed and had lost his balance. He had a vague idea that Mrs. Sudley hung upon the flank of the conversation with a complete summary of amounts, dates, and names, and he sought to balk this in its inception. Moreover, his forbearance with Nehemiah, with his presence, his personality, his mission, had begun to wane. Bitter reflections might fill the time were he suffered to be silent; but since a part in the conversation had been made necessary, he had for it no honeyed words.

"I'd make about ez fit a postmaster, I know, ez that thar old ow*el* a-hootin' out yander. I could look smart an' sober like him, but that's 'bout all the fur my school-larnin' kerried me, an' yourn didn't reach ter the nex' mile-post—an' that I know."

Nehemiah's thin lips seemed dry. More than once his tongue appeared along their verges as he nervously moistened them. His small eyes had brightened with an excited look, but he spoke very slowly, and to Laurelia it seemed guardedly.

"I tuk ter my book arterward, Brother Sudley. I applied myself ter larnin' vigorous. Bein' ez I seen the Lord's hand war liberal with the gifts o' this worl', I wanted ter stir myself ter desarve the good things."

Sudley brought down the fore legs of his chair to the floor with a thump. Despite his anxiety a slow light of ridicule began to kindle on his face; his curling lip showed his strong white teeth.

"Waal, by gum! ye mus' hev been a sight ter be seen! Ye, forty or fifty years old, a-settin' on the same seat with the chil'n at the deestric' school, an' a-competin' with the leetle tadpoles fur 'Baker an' Shady' an' sech!"

He was about to break forth with a guffaw of great relish when Nehemiah spoke hastily, forestalling the laughter.

"Naw; Abner Todd war thar fur a good while las' winter a-visitin' his sister, an' he kem an' gin me lessons an' set me copies thar at my house, an' I larnt a heap."

Leander lifted his head suddenly. The amount of progress possible to this desultory and limited application he understood only too well. He had not learned so much himself to be unaware how much in time and labor learning costs. The others perceived no incongruity. Sudley's face was florid with pride and pleasure, and his wife's, all unconscious, reflected the glow.

"Ab Todd at the cross-roads! Then he mus' hev tole ye 'bout Lee-yander hyar, an' his larnin'. Ab tole, I know."

Nehemiah drew his breath in quickly. His twinkling eyes sent out the keenest glance of suspicion, but the gay, affectionate, vaunting laugh, as Tyler Sudley turned around and clapped the boy a ringing blow on his slender shoulder, expressed only the plenitude of his simple vainglory.

"Lee-yander hyar *knows it all!*" he boasted. "Old Ab himself don't know no mo'! I'll be bound, old Ab went a-braggin'—hey, Lee-yander?"

But the boy shrank away a trifle, and his smile was mechanical as he silently eyed his relative.

"Ab 'lowed he war tur'ble disobejient," said Nehemiah, after a pause and cautiously allowing himself to follow in the talk, "an' gi'n over ter playin' the fiddle." He hesitated for a moment, longing to stigmatize its ungodliness; but the recollection of Tyler Sudley's uncertain temper decided him, and he left it unmolested. "But Ab 'lowed ye war middlin' quick at figgers, Lee-yander—middlin' quick at figgers!"

Leander, still silent and listening, flushed slightly. This measured praise was an offence to him; but he looked up brightly and obediently when his uncle wagged an uncouthly sportive head (Nehemiah's anatomy lent itself to the gay and graceful with much reluctance), thrust his hands into his pockets, and, tilting himself back in his chair, continued:

"I'll try ye, sonny—I'll try ye. How much air nine times seven?—nine times seven?"

"Forty-two!" replied the boy, with a bright docile countenance fixed upon his relative.

There was a pause. "Right!" exclaimed Nehemiah, to the relief of Sudley and his wife, who had trembled during the pause, for it seemed so threatening. They smiled at each other, forgetting that the examination meant aught more serious than a display of their prodigy's learning.

"An', now, how much air twelve times eight?" demanded Nehemiah.

"Sixty-six!" came the answer, quick as lightning.

"Right, sir, every time!" cried Nehemiah with a glow of genuine exultation, as he brought down the fore legs of the chair to the floor, and the two Sudleys laughed aloud with pleasure.

Leander saw them all distorted and grimacing while the room swam round. The scheme was clear enough to him now. The illiterate Nehemiah, whose worldly prosperity had outstripped his mental qualifications, had bethought himself of filling the breach with his nephew, given away as surplusage in his burdensome infancy, but transformed into a unique utility under the tutelage of Abner Todd. It was his boasting of his froward pupil, doubtless, that had suggested the idea, and Leander understood now that he was to do the work of the store and the post-office under the nominal incumbency of this unlettered lout. Had the whole transaction been open and acknowledged, Leander would have had scant appetite for the work under this master; but he revolted at the flimsy contemptible sham; he bitterly resented the innuendoes against the piety of the Sudleys, not that he cared for piety, save in the abstract; he was daunted by the brutal ignorance, the doltish inefficiency of the imposture that had so readily accepted his patently false answers to the simple questions. He had a sort of crude reverence for education, and it had seemed to him a very serious matter to take such liberties with the multiplication table. He valued, too, with a boy's stalwart vanity, his reputation for great learning, and he would not have lightly jeopardized it did he not esteem the crisis momentous. He knew not what he feared. The fraud of the intention, the groundless claim to knowledge, made Nehemiah's scheme seem multifariously guilty in some sort; while Tyler Sudley and his wife, albeit no wiser mathematically, had all the sanctions of probity in their calm unpretending ignorance.

"Ef Cap'n or Neighbor wanted ter run a post-office on my larnin', or ter keep store, they'd be welcome; but I won't play stalkin'-horse fur that thar man's still-hunt, sure ez shootin'," he said to himself.

The attention which he bent upon the conversation thenceforth was an observation of its effect rather than its matter. He saw that he was alone in his discovery. Neither Sudley nor his wife had perceived any connection between the store, the prospective post-office, and the desire of the illiterate would-be postmaster to have his erudite nephew restored to his care.

It may be that the methods of his "Neighbor" and the "Captain" in the rearing of Leander, the one with unbridled leniency, the other with spurious severity and affected indifference, had combined to foster self-reliance and decision of character, or it may be that these qualities were inherent traits. At all events he encountered the emergency without an instant's hesitation. He felt no need of counsel. He had no doubts. He carried to his pallet in the roof-room no vacillations and no problems. His resolve was taken. For a time, as he listened to the movements belowstairs, the sound of voices still rose, drowsy as the hour waxed late; the light that flickered through the cracks in the puncheon flooring gradually dulled, and presently a harsh grating noise acquainted him with the fact that Sudley was shovelling the ashes over the embers; then the tentlike attic was illumined only by the moonlight admitted through the little square window at the gable end—so silent, so still, it seemed that it too slept like the silent house. The winds slumbered amidst the mute woods; a bank of cloud that he could see from his lowly couch lay in the south becalmed. The bird's song had ceased. It seemed to him as he lifted himself on his elbow that he had never known the world so hushed. The rustle of the quilt of gay glazed calico was of note in the quietude; the contact of his bare foot with the floor was hardly a sound, rather an annotation of his weight and his movement; yet in default of all else the sense of hearing marked it. His scheme seemed impracticable as for an instant he wavered at the head of the ladder that served as a stairway; the next moment his foot was upon the rungs, his light lithe figure slipping down it like a shadow. The room, all eclipsed in a brown and dusky-red medium, the compromise between light and darkness that the presence of the embers fostered, was vaguely visible to him. He was hardly sure whether he saw the furniture all in place, or whether he knew its arrangement so well that he seemed to see. Suddenly, as he laid his hand on the violin on the wall, it became visible, its dark red wood richly glowing against the brown logs and the tawny clay daubing. A tiny white flame had shot up in the midst of the gray ashes, revealing him standing with the cherished object in his cautious hand, his excited eyes, dilated and expectant, searching the room apprehensively, while a vague thrill of a murmur issued from the instrument, as if the spirit of music within it had been wakened by his touch—too vague, too faintly elusive for the dormant and somewhat dull perceptions of Nehemiah Yerby, calmly slumbering in state in the best room.

The faint jet of flame was withdrawn in the ashes as suddenly as it had shot forth, and in the ensuing darkness, deeper for the contrast with that momentary illumination, it was not even a shadow that deftly mounted the ladder again and emerged into the sheeny twilight of the moonlit roof-room. He was somehow withheld for a moment motionless at the window; it may have been by compunction; it may have been by regret, if it be possible to the very young to definitely feel either. There was an intimation of pensive farewell in his large illumined eyes as they rested on the circle of familiar things about him—the budding trees, the well, with its great angular sweep against the sky, the still sward, the rail fences glistening with the dew, the river with the moonlight in a silver blazonry on its lustrous dark surface, the encompassing shadows of the gloomy mountains. There was no sound, not even amongst the shallows; he could hear naught but the pain of parting throbbing in his heart, and from the violin a faint continuous susurrus, as if it murmured half-asleep memories of the melodies that had thrilled its waking moments. It necessitated careful handling as he deftly let himself out of the window, the bow held in his mouth, the instrument in one arm, while the other hand clutched the boughs of a great holly-tree close beside the house. It was only the moonlight on those smooth lustrous leaves, but it seemed as if smiling white faces looked suddenly down from amongst the shadows: at this lonely hour, with none awake to see, what strange things may there not be astir in the world, what unmeasured, unknown forces, sometimes felt through the dulling sleep of mortals, and then called dreams! As he stood breathless upon the ground the wind awoke. He heard it race around the corner of the house, bending the lilac bushes, and then it softly buffeted him full in the face and twirled his hat on the ground. As he stooped to pick it up he heard whispers and laughter in the lustrous boughs of the holly, and the gleaming faces shifted with the shadows. He looked fearfully over his shoulder: the rising wind might waken some inmate of the house. His "Neighbor" was, he knew, solicitous about the weather, and suspicious of its intentions lest it not hold fine till all the oats be sown. A pang wrung his heart; he remembered the long line of seasons when, planting corn in the pleasant spring days, his "Neighbor" had opened the furrow, and the "Captain" had followed dropping the grains, and he had brought up the rear with his hoe covering them over, while the birds sang high in the air, and the mild sun shone, and the wind kept the shadows a-flicker, and the blackbird and the crow, complacently and craftily watching them from afar, seemed the only possible threatening of evil in all the world. He hastened to stiffen his resolve. He had need of it. Tyler Sudley had said that he did not know how the law stood, and for himself, he was not willing to risk his liberty on it. He gazed apprehensively upon the little batten shutter of the window of the room where Nehemiah Yerby slept, expecting to see it slowly swung open and discover him there. It did not stir, and gathering resolution from the terrors that had beset him when he fancied his opportunity threatened, he ran like a frightened deer fleetly down the road and plunged into the dense forest. The wind kept him company, rollicking, quickening, coming and going in fitful gusts. He heard it die away, but now and again it was rustling amongst a double file of beech-trees all up the mountain-side. He saw the commotion in their midst, the effect of swift movement as the scant foliage fluttered, then the white branches of the trees all a-swaying like glistening arms flung upward, as if some bevy of dryads sped up the hill in elusive rout through the fastnesses.

The next day ushered in a commotion and excitement unparalleled in the history of the little log cabin. When Leander's absence was discovered, and inquiry of the few neighbors and search of the vicinity proved fruitless, the fact of his flight and its motive were persistently forced upon Nehemiah Yerby's reluctant perceptions, with the destruction of his cherished scheme as a necessary sequence. With some wild craving for vengeance he sought to implicate Sudley as accessory to the mysterious disappearance. He found some small measure of solace in stumping up and down the floor before the hearth, furiously railing at the absent host, for Sudley had not yet relinquished the bootless quest, and indignantly upbraiding the forlorn, white-faced, grief-stricken Laurelia, who sat silent and stony, her faded eyes on the fire, heedless of his words. She held in her lap sundry closely rolled knitted balls—the boy's socks that she had so carefully made and darned. A pile of clothing lay at her feet. He had carried nothing but his fiddle and the clothes he stood in, and if she had had more tears she could have wept for his improvidence, for the prospective tatters and rents that must needs befall him in that unknown patchless life to which he had betaken himself.

Nehemiah Yerby argued that it was Sudley who had prompted the whole thing; he had put the boy up to it, for Leander was not so lacking in feeling as to flee from his own blood-relation. But he would set the law to spy them out. He would be back again, and soon.

He may have thought better of this presently, for he was in great haste to be gone when Tyler Sudley returned, and to his amazement in a counterpart frame of mind, charging Nehemiah with the responsibility of the disaster. It was strange to Laurelia that she, who so strove to fix her mind on religious things, should so relish the aspect of Ty Sudley in his secular rage on this occasion.

"Ye let we-uns hev him whilst so leetle an' helpless, but now that he air so fine growed an' robustious ye want ter git some work outn him, an' he hev runned away an' tuk ter the woods tarrified by the very sight of ye," he averred. "He'll never kem back; no, he'll never kem back; fur he'll 'low ez ye would kem an' take him home with you; an' now the Lord only knows whar he is, an' what will become of him."

(*Continued on page 915.*)

FOREIGN COMMISSIONERS IN THE 12,000-ACRE WHEAT FIELD NEAR LARIMORE, NORTH DAKOTA.—[SEE PAGE 919.]

THE NEW TORPEDO-BOAT.

THE art of torpedo-boat warfare is strangely analogous to the science of leading a forlorn hope—if the conduct of such an undertaking may be called a matter of principle. Almost always the torpedo-boat attacks a vessel many times superior in point of size and strength of guns; and while the approach is usually under cover of darkness, the search-lights of the enemy may discover the advancing craft long before a torpedo may be launched, yet while the torpedo-boat is directly exposed to the fire of the foe's guns.

It is only in the awful capabilities of the torpedo that an excuse is found for building this style of boat, whose chance of success is one out of many opportunities for failure and complete annihilation. With the odds so fearfully against the torpedo-boat, everything about her must contribute to the possible utilization of that small offensive margin, limited in the number of chances to three, but in effect equal to the destruction of the largest battle-ship afloat; and in the *Ericsson*, now building at Dubuque, Iowa, is represented the most advanced phase of this type of vessel. She is, in fact, the first sea-going war-vessel to be built inland, and it is a matter of great satisfaction to the Navy Department that an establishment in the interior should have proved capable of constructing a boat of the *Ericsson's* destructive quality at a point far removed from the chance of foreign naval interruption.

This boat will have a speed of twenty-four knots an hour, and will carry three Whitehead torpedo-tubes, one at the stem and two diverging deck-tubes aft on training circles, the torpedoes being propelled through the water by compressed air.

The torpedoes of the present, except in the principle of destructiveness, in no wise resemble the torpedoes of the late war. To-day they seem endowed with a certain intelligence that guides them against wind and tide to the object of their search with a malignant purpose of death and demolition. They are tiny vessels in themselves, actuated by miniature mechanism of great power and delicacy, guided by self-adjusting rudders that automatically compensate for the variations of subaqueous pressures, and bearing a head charged with the deadly force of 150 pounds of gun-cotton —a material three times as powerful as powder.

Besides her three torpedo-tubes, the *Ericsson* carries four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, whose mission is to repel the attack of other torpedo-boats, light craft, and other less-powerful vessels.

The factor of surprise is the essential requisite for success, combined with undaunted courage and determination. Under the cover of a fog, a cloud, or general darkness, the dull gray mass of the torpedo-boat will steal upon the enemy until fairly within reach of her quest or until discovered by the foe. Then, at full speed, with funnels aflame and a big "bone in her teeth," she will dash directly at the enemy, amidst a shower of bullets and small shell. When fairly within effective range a faint puff of powder and a long streak of phosphorescence will mark the passage of the fishlike projectile; a dull reverberating sound, a column of water a hundred feet high, and the torpedo has struck the foe beneath the water-line, and a rushing torrent of water is pouring into the fatal gap which has been torn in her side.

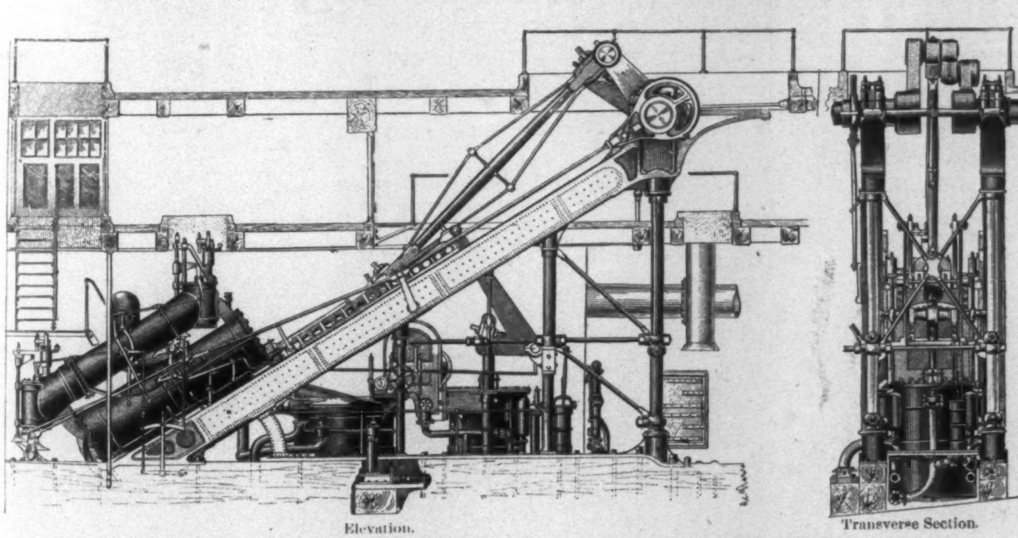
The *Ericsson* will be finished in a few months. She was authorized by the act of Congress of June 30, 1890, and the contract price is $113,500.

In order the better to show the marvellous strides that have recently been made in marine engineering, the engines of the *Ericsson* are here shown contrasted with those of the United States steamship *Powhatan*. The engines of the *Powhatan* are of the marine type of side wheel of the period (1848), wholly designed and directed by Charles H. Haswell, then engineer-in-chief of the navy. They were operated under a steam pressure of 15 pounds per square inch, and made 16 revolutions per minute, developing a speed of 11 knots per hour.

The engines of the *Ericsson* are also those of a marine type and of a propeller of the present time, operated under a pressure of 250 pounds per square inch, and making 412 revolutions per minute, developing a speed of 24 knots. They were designed by Commodore George W. Melville, chief of the Bureau of Steam-engineering.

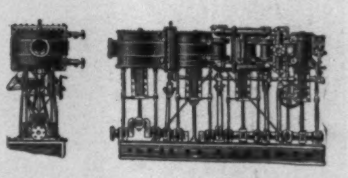
These two examples, each the best of its own date, show very clearly in what lines progress has been attained. Another very important factor is the use of improved material. Half a century ago the steel forgings and steel castings now in use were not available, and in the *Powhatan's* engines cast iron is used in many places where steel is used in the *Ericsson*.

The old style boilers were operated under natural draught, burning only 12 to 15 pounds of coal per hour per square foot of grate. The *Ericsson* has tubulous boilers composed almost entirely of small thin tubes, containing very little water, and they are worked under forced draught, burning as much as 60 to 75 pounds of coal per hour per square foot of grate. The skill of the engineer is shown in employing to the best advantage the materials and resources at his disposal. In each of the cases illustrated a master of his profession has done the best possible with the means at his command. The great advance shown demonstrates what a half-century has done in improving materials and methods.



Elevation. Transverse Section.

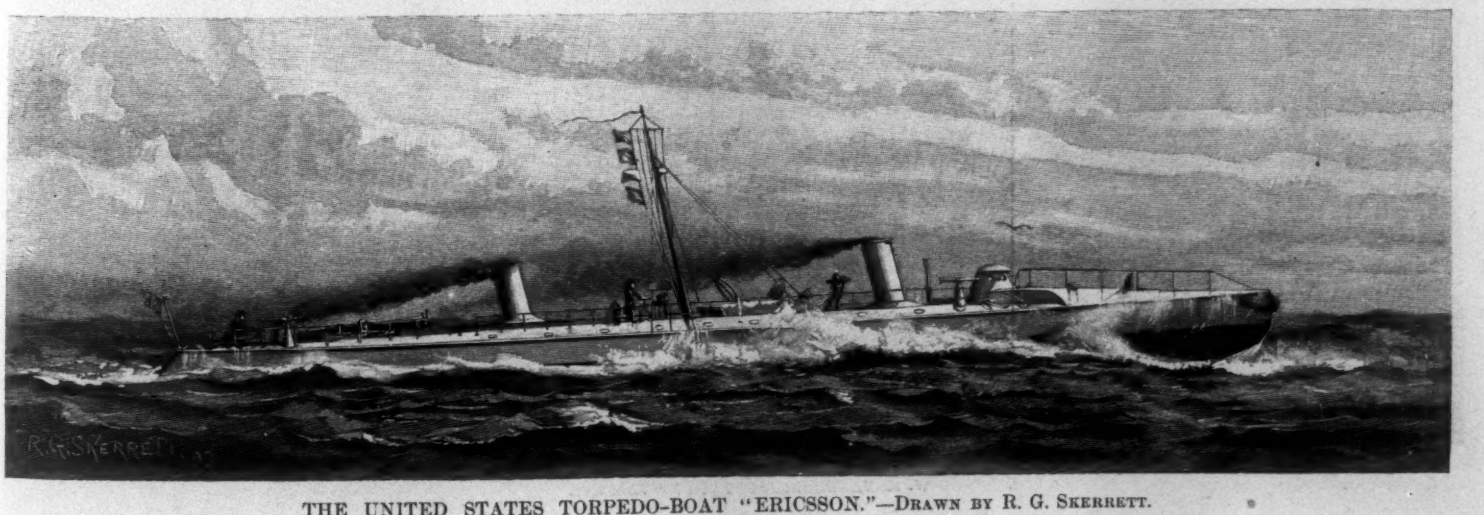
ENGINES OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "POWHATAN," 1848—HORSE-POWER, 1172.



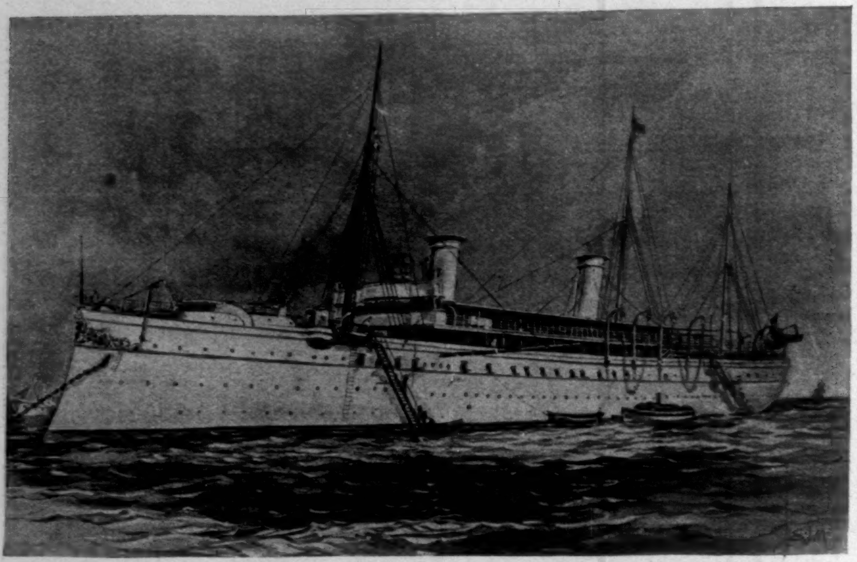
Transverse Section. Elevation.

ENGINES OF THE UNITED STATES TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON," 1891.—HORSE-POWER, 1800.

SCALE-DRAWINGS SHOWING RELATIVE SIZES OF ANTIQUE AND MODERN MARINE ENGINES.



THE UNITED STATES TORPEDO-BOAT "ERICSSON."—DRAWN BY R. G. SKERRETT.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN."

THREE FAMOUS YACHTS.

Among the crowned heads of the world none have so great an interest for Americans as those of the Queen of the English and the Emperor of the Germans. Both of them have a special interest at the present time because they belong to the royal fraternity of yacht-owners. If it is true, and every poet says it is, that love levels all ranks, it is quite as true that yachting does so. At this moment the largest and finest yacht in the world lies at anchor in American waters, and belongs to an American citizen. She is larger than the Emperor William's steam-yacht *Hohenzollern*, and also larger than Queen Victoria's private steamer *Victoria and Albert*. W. K. Vanderbilt is her owner, and her name is *Valiant*.

Last summer Mr. Vanderbilt's steamer *Alva* was wrecked by a collision near the shoals of Nantucket. Her owner at once gave orders to St. Clair Byrne, the famous English designer, to draw the lines of a yacht which should be the largest and handsomest in the world. The building contract was given to Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead. On May 3d the yacht was launched, and was christened by Lady Alva Montagu, daughter of the Duchess of Manchester. Her fittings were completed in July, and at noon of Wednesday, August 16th, she left Glasgow, her owner and his secretary, W. S. Hoyt, being passengers. She passed Sandy Hook 8 days and 21 hours later, having encountered severe head winds and seas, in which she behaved admirably. On her trial trip she reached 17½ knots an hour, and had the weather been favorable she would doubtless have made the voyage across in about seven days.

The *Valiant* is brig-rigged, and carries one large yellow smoke-stack. She is 332 feet long over all, 310 feet long between perpendiculars, 39 feet 3 inches extreme beam, and 25 feet 6 inches moulded depth. Her tonnage is 2400. She is propelled by twin screws, driven by engines capable of developing 4500 horse-power. The screws are made of bronze and steel. There are two sets of triple-expansion engines, with cylinders of 23, 36, and 60 inches diameter, and 36 inches stroke.

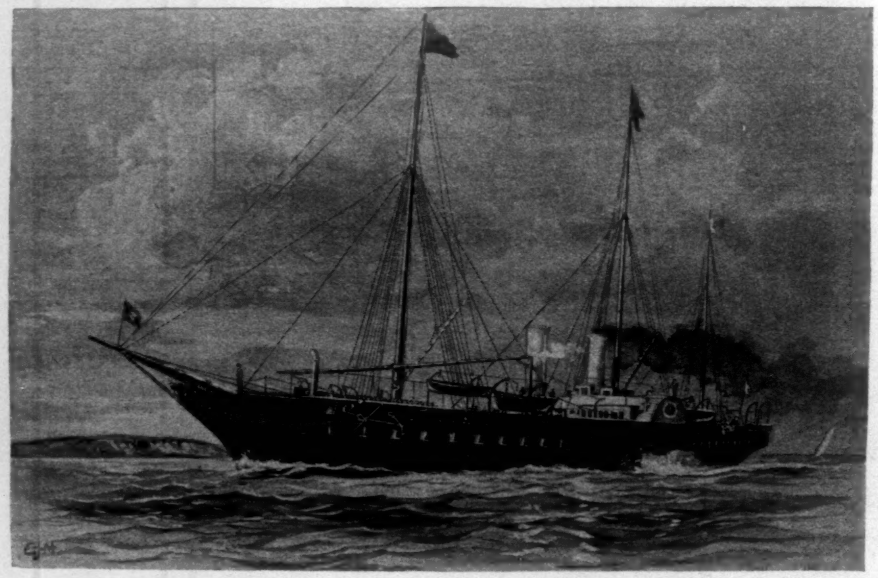
The interior fittings and decorations of the yacht are not equalled by those of any other vessel afloat. The main saloon, which is 18 feet long, and extends all the way across the boat, is decorated in the Louis Quatorze style, by the Messrs. Cuael, of Paris. The wood-work is entirely covered with exquisite high-relief carving, finished in gold and white enamel. The Chippendale chairs, sofas, and sideboards are all inlaid with brass, and the upholstery is of crimson velvet. The yacht has also a beautiful library, which is finished in rich dark walnut, unpolished. The fireplace in this room is one of the gems of the yacht's fittings. For the benefit of those who are curious as to prices, it may be stated that the carpet cost $15 a yard. Mrs. Vanderbilt's apartments, consisting of sitting-room, bedroom, and bath, are magnificently furnished. Miss Vanderbilt has her own room, fitted in the Cawthorne style, and adorned with a ceiling of Tynecastle work. Mr. Vanderbilt's apartments are equally beautiful, and the visitors' rooms are very handsome. It is worthy of note that every pipe in the ship is copper, and every basin has its own steam-pipe for cleansing. The yacht carries a crew of 62 men. Of these 20 are seamen, 32 in the engine department, and the rest cooks and stewards.

Queen Victoria's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, was built at Pembroke in 1854. She is a paddle-wheel steamer, 300 feet long, 40 feet 4 inches in beam, and of 16 feet draught. She is built of wood, sheathed with copper. She cost originally £136,441, and about £310,000 has since been expended on her. The interior arrangements and the decorations were designed by Prince Albert. There are several small but comfortable sitting-rooms on the promenade-deck, where there is also a handsome dining-saloon with three large windows and a skylight. This room is finished in green morocco; and the ceiling, to carry out the general design of the yacht's decorations, is painted in white and gold.

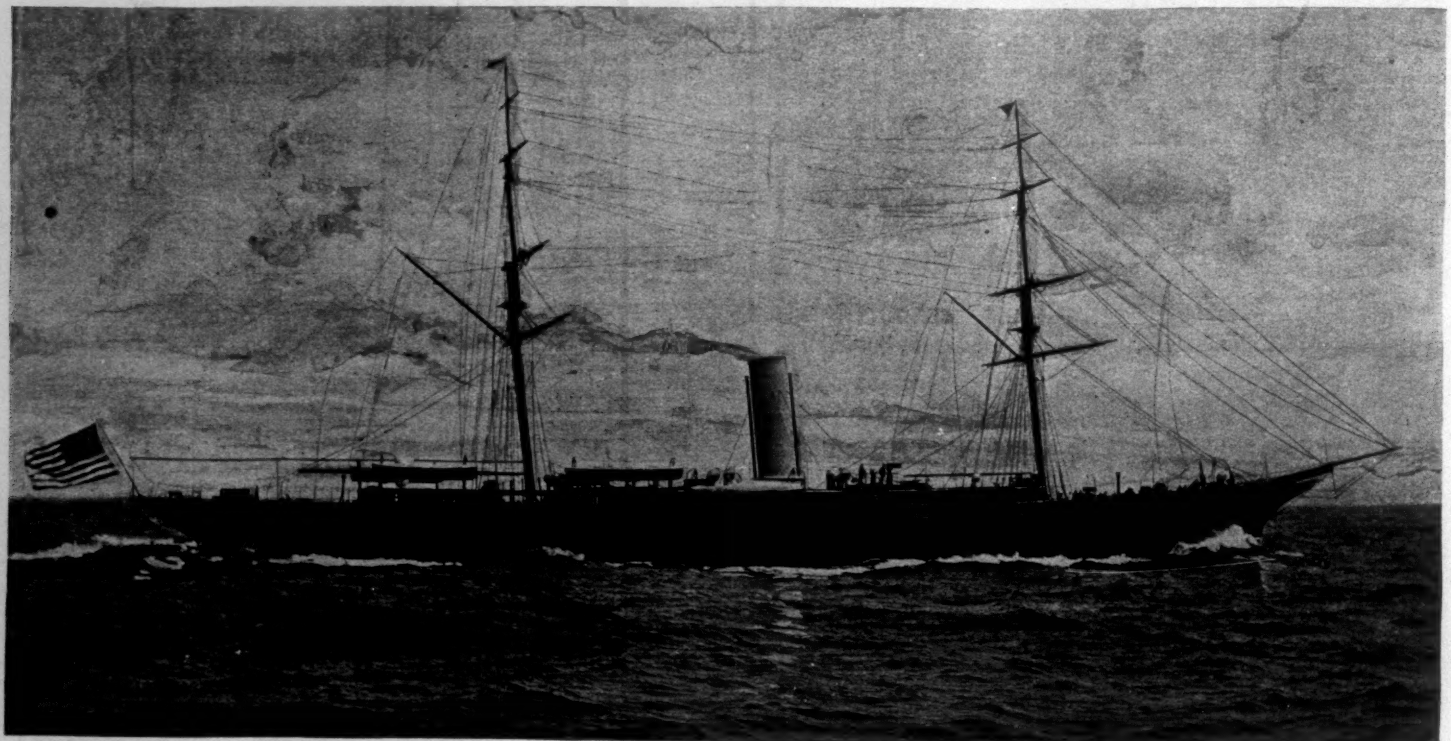
The state apartments are below, on either side of a corridor, and are furnished with a chintz designed by Prince Albert. The Queen's cabins are on the starboard side. Her Majesty reposes in an old-fashioned bedstead with pillars and a canopy. Next to this room is Prince Albert's dressing-room, which is kept as it was during his life. There are cabins aft of her Majesty's and on the other side of the ship for the use of any of the royal family who may be on board. The breakfast-room is also aft, and the drawing-room, furnished very handsomely in bird's-eye maple, is forward. The yacht is lighted with electricity, except in the Queen's own cabins.

The *Hohenzollern*, the Emperor William's steam-yacht, is in reality a naval despatch vessel, and is therefore a comparatively plain craft. She is 250 feet long, 30 feet wide, and has a draught of 12 feet. Her speed is about 14½ knots an hour. Her cabins are very comfortable, but they are plain. Perhaps the most interesting thing about her is the speech which the Emperor made at her launching. It was thoroughly characteristic.

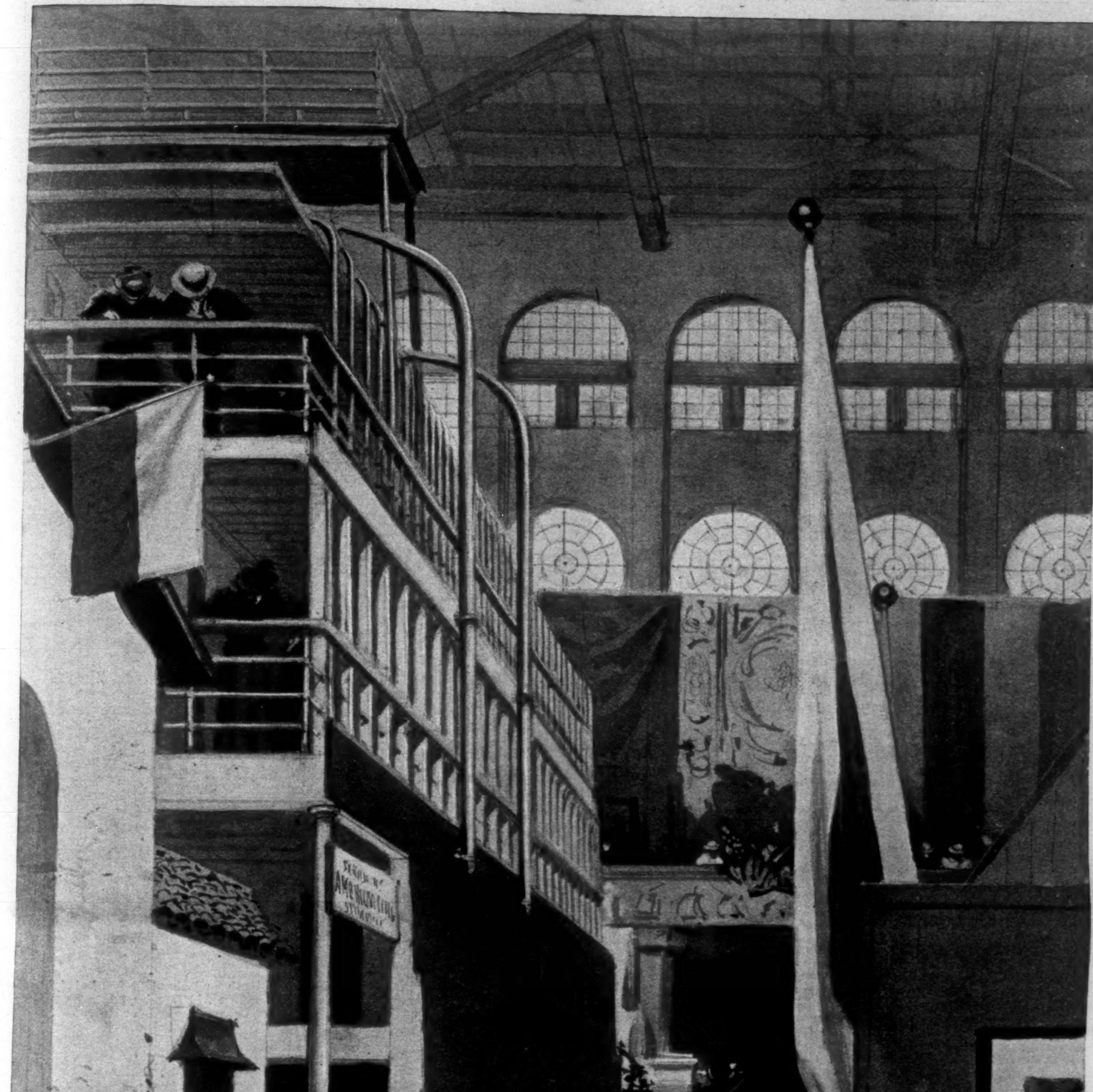
He called attention to her light and slender build, and said that it was an indication of her devotion to peace. He continued thus: "This vessel shall bear the name of the citadel in Suabia which gave its name to the royal race with which I am connected. My ideas are to work with my people, to devote my life to labor for my people, and to march to battle at the head of my people. I christen thee *Hohenzollern*."



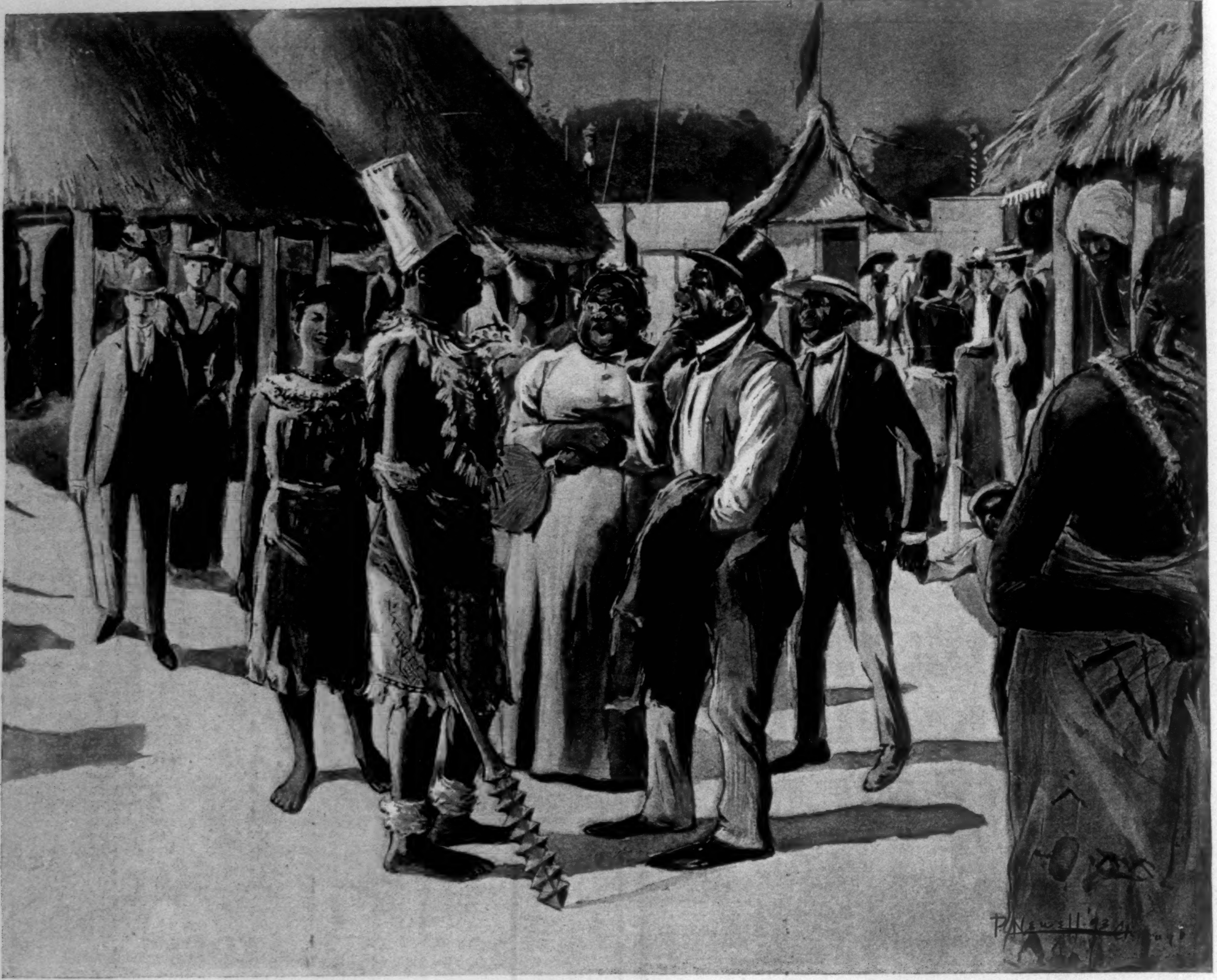
QUEEN VICTORIA'S YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



W. K. VANDERBILT'S YACHT "VALIANT."



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—SECTION OF A GREAT OCEAN STEAMSHIP IN THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISITS THE VILLAGE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

MR. JOHNSON. "Does you speak Inglish?"
THE NATIVE. "Yes; does you?" (*The big Samoan to whom Mr. J. is addressing himself speaks English well. He weighs 240 pounds.*)

CALIFORNIA'S MIDWINTER FAIR.

Thursday, the 24th of August, marked the beginning of active operations on the California Midwinter International Exposition, generally known by the more convenient name of Midwinter Fair. On that day at least eighty thousand people assembled at the site chosen for the exposition in Golden Gate Park to witness the turning of the first spadeful of earth and the actual commencement of grading for the exposition buildings to be erected.

The idea of a midwinter fair in San Francisco had its birth in the minds of a few Californians who were at the World's Fair in Chicago. Prominent among these were M. H. De Young, Robert McMurray, Homer S. King, I. C. Dunphy, James D. Phelan. Isaac Trumbo, and William Irelan. These gentlemen resolved themselves into a representative committee, and thereupon decided that California should have a midwinter fair. This decision was reached on the first day of June, and on the twenty-fourth day of August the necessary funds to guarantee the success of the exposition had been secured, plans for buildings had been presented and accepted, a complete set of rules for classification and installation of exhibits prepared and published, contracts let for grading and excavating, and ground actually broken.

As in all such undertakings, one of the leading questions was that of money. As soon as an organization could be effected in San Francisco, which was accomplished under the auspices of Mayor Ellert and a committee of fifty citizens of his selection, an executive committee was chosen, consisting of M. H. De Young (who was at once elected President and Director-General), Irwin C. Stump, R. B. Mitchell, P. N. Lilienthal, and A. Andrews from the city, and E. J. Gregory, J. H. Neff, F. G. Berry, and J. S. Slauson from the interior of the State, and a finance committee formed, with General W. H. L. Barnes at its head. The finance committee had secured subscriptions amounting to $400,000 before the first spadeful of earth was turned.

The first important work under the rule of the executive committee was done in its conference with the Park Commissioners on Sunday, July 9th, when the site was formally given by the commissioners and accepted by the committee. It is a domain in itself, consisting of sixty acres in the very heart of the great reservation. The conference between commission and committee revealed the fact that the fair had become a popular demand, and that even the most conservative forces in the community were ready to give way.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, by permission of the authorities of the city, will run a spur track into the park and up to the site of the fair, so that exhibits brought across the continent can be delivered without transshipment. This is a marked feature, for the directors already have ample assurances of the forwarding of several thousand foreign exhibits from Chicago to the California Midwinter Fair, and the real difficulty will be in making a selection among those that will be offered.

In this connection it is but right to call attention to the prompt action of Congress in passing the bill extending the non-dutiable exemption to exhibits for the Midwinter Fair. The bill passed both Houses of Congress by unanimous consent within twenty-four hours after its introduction.

The question is sometimes asked, "What is the use of the Midwinter Fair? What do its promoters and friends hope or expect to accomplish?" They expect to show the people of California and of the whole Pacific coast a selection of some of the choicest exhibits from the World's Fair, and they expect to show to several hundred thousands of visitors from east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains the wonderful, marvellous, boundless resources of California as they have never been exhibited before. Winter trips to California are coming into favor more and more all the time with those who live in the regions of frost and snow and ice and sleet, and they propose to show such visitors during the coming winter and spring that there is something in California besides climate. The Midwinter Fair, it is to be noted, is not a San Francisco fair, though it is held there. It is a California fair, and every part of the State will contribute to make such a display, between January and June of next year, as was never seen before.

It will not be out of place in this connection to say a few words about the so-called "rainy season" in California, which many people who have never visited the State in the winter imagine to be a continual downpour from the 1st of November to the 1st of May. There have been kept in this city accurate tables of rainfall, covering a period of forty years, and showing the number of days in each month of each year on which any rain has fallen. There have been fourteen Januarys in which there were not more than eight rainy days, and never but three in which there were more than sixteen rainy days. It is fair to say that in the ninety days between January 1st and April 1st there will not be more than twenty-four days on which any rain will fall.

Of the winter climate of San Francisco it is only justice to the city to say that when the weather is pleasant there is no more delightful time of the year, and there is a total absence of the sea fogs and rasping salt-laden winds which many people find so disagreeable in the summer. "Winter" in California is largely a conventional term, and need not frighten any one away.

While the housing of the exhibits at the coming exposition is attracting much interest, no attempt will be made to rival the palaces of the White City. The largest building will be the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building—A. Page Brown, architect—which will be 450 feet long and 250 feet wide, with a height of 55 feet. It will be of Moorish design, and will possess the picturesqueness which is so readily obtainable in this style of architecture. The roof will be covered with curled metal tiles, and the building will be lighted from the roof and the sides. The materials used in the construction will be wood, plaster, and cement. The exterior will be of a cream white, with the roof in pleasing contrast, while in the corridors more glowing colors will be introduced. The estimated cost of the building is about $105,000.

The next building in importance is the Mechanic Arts Building, for which the design made by E. R. Swain has been accepted. This building is East Indian in style, following the methods in vogue in Delhi, Bombay, and other Indian cities. The building will be 324 feet in length by 160 feet in depth, and about 60 feet in height. In the rear will be an annex 246 feet by 35, to be used as a power-house, space being provided for thirty boilers of 100 horse-power each. The building will be coated with staff, and the roof over the central portion will be gilded. The estimated cost of this building is $75,000.

The Administration Building—A. Page Brown, architect—is in Byzantine-Gothic style, with much that is Moresque in the ornamentation. In plan it is square, with hexagonal towers on the corners, each surmounted by a small dome. From the centre of the building, and conveying the impression of receiving its support from the four small towers, is a large hexagonal tower, bearing a fine dome in general outline similar to the small ones. Each tower has a projecting battlement, and there is a garden on the roof all round the big dome. The domes will be colored in gilt bronze, and the coloring will be Byzantine in its richness. The entire structure will be of wood and plaster, and will not be an expensive one in view of its elaborate ornamentation.

The Agricultural and Horticultural Building is another example of the "Mission" type, which has been brought into prominence by the Leland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto, in California, and by the California State Building at the World's Fair. Samuel Newsom, the architect, has made excellent use of the flexibility which pertains to this style of architecture. The building, as the illustration shows, may be said to be in three parts, one of which is an annex in the form of a red-wood tower 80 feet high and 25 feet square, which is to be connected with the main building by a bridge. Of the main building, the portion next the tower will be rectangular in form, with an open court in the centre. This portion is intended particularly for agricultural exhibits, and in its spacious galleries the products of the field and market garden will be exhibited. The remainder of the building will be covered by a huge dome 100 feet in diameter and 100 feet high. Around it will be a roof garden, and within it the treasures of the garden can be displayed. The building will be 400 feet long and 200 feet wide, and its cost is estimated at $70,000.

C. C. McDougall's Fine Arts Building is notable for quaintness and originality of design. It is fire-proof, being constructed of brick, to insure the safety of the valuable sculpture, paintings, and other works of art it is to contain. The building will be 60 feet wide, 120 feet long, and 40 feet high. It is a collective illustration of the art of building as practised by the Egyptians. The entrance is flanked by full columns grotesquely ornamented, which in the second story take the form of, or give place to, elephants. A small pyramid surmounts the vestibule. The columns will be of wood, on the outside of a plain, solid, rectangular, fire-proof brick structure. The blank walls will be decorated in Egyptian style. The estimated cost of the structure is about $70,000. It will be lighted entirely from the roof.

There will also be a plaisance, which will have many of the interesting features of its prototype in Jackson Park.

In fine, excepting only the great Philadelphia and Chicago expositions, the Midwinter Fair will be an enterprise such as has never been equalled in the United States.

Marcus P. Wiggin.

(Continued from page 910.)

His anger and his tumultuous grief, his wild irrepressible anxiety for Leander's safety, convinced the crafty Nehemiah that he was no party to the boy's scheme. Sudley's sorrow was not of the kind that renders the temper pliable, and when Nehemiah sought to point a moral in the absence of the violin, and for the first time in Sudley's presence protested that he desired to save Leander from that device of the devil, the master of the house shook his inhospitable fist very close indeed to his guest's nose, and Yerby was glad enough to follow that feature unimpaired out to his horse at the bars, saying little more.

He aired his views, however, at each house where he made it convenient to stop on his way home, and took what comfort there might be in the rôle of martyr. Leander was unpopular in several localities, and was esteemed a poor specimen of the skill of the Sudleys in rearing children. He had been pampered and spoiled, according to general report, and more than one of his successive interlocutors were polite enough to opine that the change to Nehemiah's charge would have been a beneficent opportunity for much-needed discipline. Nehemiah was not devoid of some skill in interrogatory. He contrived to elicit speculations without giving an intimation of unduly valuing the answer.

"He's 'mongst the moonshiners, I reckon," was the universal surmise. "He'll be mighty safe 'mongst them."

For where the still might be, or who was engaged in the illicit business, was even a greater mystery than Leander's refuge. Nothing more definite could be elicited than a vague rumor that some such work was in progress somewhere along the many windings of Hide-and-Seek Creek.

Nehemiah Yerby had never been attached to temperance principles, and, commercially speaking, he had thought it possible that whiskey on which no tax had been paid might be more profitably dispensed at his store than that sold under the sanctions of the government. These considerations, however, were as naught in view of the paralysis his interests and schemes had suffered in Leander's flight. He dwelt with dismay upon the possibility that he might secure the postmastership without the capable assistant whose services were essential. In this perverse sequence of events disaster to his application was more to be desired than success. He beheld himself browbeaten, humiliated, detected, a butt for the ridicule of the community, his pretensions in the dust, his pitiful imposture unmasked. And beyond these æsthetic considerations, the substantial emoluments of "keepin' store," with a gallant sufficiency of arithmetic to regulate prices and profits, were vanishing like the elusive matutinal haze before the noontide sun. Nehemiah Yerby groaned aloud, for the financial stress upon his spirit was very like physical pain. And in this inauspicious moment he bethought himself of that beneficent institution, the Revenue Department of the United States.

Now it has been held by those initiated into such mysteries that there is scant affinity between whiskey and water. Nevertheless, in this connection, Nehemiah Yerby developed an absorbing interest in the water-courses of the coves and adjacent mountains, especially their more remote and sequestered tributaries. He shortly made occasion to meet the county surveyor and ply him with questions touching the topography of the vicinity, cloaking the real motive under the pretence of an interest in water-power sufficient and permanent enough for the sawing of lumber, and professing to contemplate the erection of a saw-mill at the most eligible point. The surveyor had his especial vanity, and it was expressed in his frequent boast that he carried a complete map of the county graven upon his brain; he was wont to esteem it a gracious opportunity when a casual question in a group of loungers enabled him to display his familiarity with every portion of his rugged and mountainous bailiwick, which was indeed astonishing, even taking into consideration his consecutive incumbency for a number of terms, aided by a strong head for locality. Nehemiah Yerby's scheme was incalculably favored by this circumstance, but he found it unexpectedly difficult to support the figment which he had propounded as to his intentions. Fiction is one of the fine arts, and a mere amateur like Nehemiah is apt to fail in point of consistency. He was inattentive while the surveyor dilated on the probable value, the accessibility, and the relative height of the "fall" of the various sites, and their available water-power, and he put irrelevant queries concerning ineligible streams in other localities. No man comfortably mounted upon his hobby relishes an interruption. The surveyor would stop with a sort of bovine surprise, and break out in irritable parenthesis.

"That branch on the t'other side o' Defeat Ridge? Why, man alive, that thread o' water wouldn't turn a spider web."

Nehemiah, quaking under the glance of his keen questioning eye, would once more lapse into silence, while the surveyor, loving to do what he could do well, was lured on in his favorite subject by the renewed appearance of receptivity in his listener.

"Waal, ez I war a-sayin', I know every furlong o' the creeks once down in the Cove, an' all their meanderings, an' the best part o' them in the hills till you get amongst the laurel and the wildernesses. But now the ways of sech a stream ez Hide-an'-Seek Creek are past finding out. It's a 'sinking creek,' you know; goes along with a good volume and a swift current for a while to the west, then disappears into the earth, an' ain't seen fur five mile, then comes out agin running due north, makes a tremenjious jump—the Hoho-hebee Falls—then pops into the ground agin, an' ain't seen no more forever," he concluded, dramatically.

"How d'ye know it's the same creek?" demanded Nehemiah, sceptically and with a wrinkling brow.

"By settin' somethin' afloat on it before it sinks into the ground—a piece of marked bark or a shingle or the like—an' finding it agin after the stream comes out of the caves," promptly replied the man of the compass, with a triumphant snap of the eye as if he entertained a certain pride in the vagaries of his untamed mountain friend. "Nobody knows how often it disappears nor where it rises, nor where it goes at last. It's got dozens of fust-rate millin' sites, but then it's too fur off fur you ter think about."

"Oh no, 'tain't!" exclaimed Nehemiah, suddenly.

The surveyor stared. "Why, you ain't thinkin' 'bout movin' up inter the wilderness ter live, an' ye jes applied fur the post-office down at the cross-roads? Ye can't run the post-office thar an' a saw-mill thirty mile away at the same time."

Nehemiah was visibly disconcerted. His wrinkled face showed the flush of discomfiture, but his craft rallied to the emergency.

"Moughtn't git the post-office, arter all's come an' gone. Nothin' is sartin in this vale o' tears."

"An' ye air goin' ter take ter the woods ef ye don't?" demanded the surveyor, incredulously. "Thought ye war goin' ter keep store?"

"Waal, I dun'no'; jes talkin' round," said Nehemiah, posed beyond recuperation. "I mus' be a-joggin', ennyhow. Time's a-wastin'."

As he made off hastily in the direction of his house, for this conversation had taken place at the blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads, the surveyor gazed after him much mystified.

"What is that old fox slyin' round after? He ain't studyin' 'bout no saw-mill, inquirin' round about all the out-o'-the-way water-power in the kentry fifty mile from where he b'longs. He's a heap likelier to be goin' ter start a wild-cat still in them wild places—git his whiskey cheap ter sell in his store."

He shook his head sagely once for all, for the surveyor's mind was of the type prompt in reaching conclusions, and he was difficult to divert from his convictions.

A feature of the development of craft in a certain degree is the persuasion that this endowment is not shared. A fine world it would be if the Nehemiah Yerbys were as clever as they think themselves, and their neighbors as dull. He readily convinced himself that he had given no intimation that his objects and motives were other than he professed, and with unimpaired energy he went to work upon the lines which he had marked out for himself. A fine chase Hide-and-Seek Creek led him, to be sure, and it tried his enthusiasms to the uttermost. What affinity this brawling vagrant had for the briers and the rocks and the tangled fastnesses! Seldom, indeed, could he press in to its banks and look down upon its dimpled, laughing, heedless face without the sacrifice of fragments of flesh and garments left impaled upon the sharp spikes of the budding shrubs. Often it so intrenched itself amidst its dense woods, and the rocks and chasms of its craggy banks, that approach was impossible, and he followed it for miles only by the sound of its wild sweet woodland voice. And this, too, was a wayward fancy; now, in turbulent glee amongst the rocks, riotously chanting aloud, challenging the echoes, and waking far and near the forest quiet; and again it was merely a low restful murmur, intimating deep serene pools and a dallying of the currents, lapsed in the fulness of content. Then Nehemiah Yerby would be beset with fears that he would lose this whisper, and his progress was slight; he would pause to listen, hearing nothing; turning to right, to left; taking his way back through the labyrinth of the laurel to catch a thread of sound, a mere crystalline tremor, and once more follow this transient lure. As the stream came down a gorge at a swifter pace and in a succession of leaps—a glassy cataract visible here and there, airily sporting with rainbows, affiliating with ferns and moss and marshy growths, the bounding spray glittering in the sunshine—it flung forth continuously tinkling harmonies in clear crystal tones, so penetrating, so definitely melodic, that more than once, as he paced along on his jaded horse, he heard in their midst, without disassociating the sounds, the "ping-pang, ping-pang" of the violin he so condemned. He drew up at last, and strained his ear to listen. It did not become more distinct, always intermingled with the recurrent rhythm of the falling water, but always vibrating in subdued throbbings, now more acute, now less, as the undiscriminated melody ascended or descended the scale. It came from the earth, of this he was sure, and thus he was reminded anew of the caves which Hide-and-Seek Creek threaded in its long course. There was some opening near by, doubtless, that led to subterranean passages, dry enough here, since it was the stream's whim to flow in the open sunshine instead of underground. He would have given much to search for it had he dared. His leathery, lean, loose cheek had a glow of excitement upon it; his small eyes glistened; for the first time in his life, possibly, he looked young. But he did not doubt that this was the stronghold of the illicit distillers, of whom one heard so much in the Cove and saw so little. A lapse of caution, an inconsiderate movement, and he might be captured and dealt with as a spy and informer.

Nevertheless his discovery was of scant value unless he utilized it further. He had always believed that his nephew had fled to the secret haunts of the moonshiners. Now he only knew it the more surely; and what did this avail him, and how aid in the capture of the recusant clerk and assistant postmaster? He hesitated a moment; then fixing the spot in his mind by the falling of a broad crystal sheet of water from a ledge some thirty feet high, by a rotting log at its base that seemed to rise continually, although the moving waterfall appeared motionless, by certain trees and their relative position, and the blue peaks on a distant skyey background of a faint cameo yellow, he slowly turned his horse's rein and took his way out of danger. It was chiefly some demonstration on the animal's part that he had feared. A snort, a hoof-beat, a whinny would betray him, and very liable was the animal to any of these expressions. One realizes how unnecessary is speech for the exposition of opinion when brought into contradictory relations with the horse which one rides or drives. All day had this animal snorted his doubts of his master's sanity; all day had he protested against these aimless, fruitless rambles; all day had he held back with a high head and a hard mouth on the rein, while whip and spur pressed him through laurel almost impenetrable and through crevices of crags almost impassable. For were there not all the fair roads of the county to pace and gallop upon if one must needs be out and jogging! Unseen objects, vaguely discerned to be moving in the leafage, affrighted the old plough-horse of the levels, infinitely reassured and whinnying with joyful relief when the head of horned cattle showed presently as the cause of the commotion. He would have given much a hundred times that day, and he almost said so a hundred times, too, to be at home, with the old bull-tongue plough behind him, running the straight rational furrow in the good bare open field, so mellow for corn, lying in the sunshine, inviting planting.

"Ef I git ye home wunst more, I'll be bound I'll leave ye thar," Nehemiah said, ungratefully, as they wended their way along; for without the horse he could not have traversed the vast distances of his search, however unwillingly the aid was given.

He annotated his displeasure by a kick in the ribs; and when the old farmer perceived that they were absolutely bound binward, and that their aberrations were over for the present, he struck a sharp gait that would have done honor to his youthful days, for he had worn out several pairs of legs in Nehemiah's fields, and was often spoken of as being upon the last of those useful extremities. He stolidly shook his head, which he thought so much better than his master's, and bedtime found them twenty miles away and at home.

Nehemiah felt scant fatigue. He was elated with his project. He scented success in the air. It smelled like the season. It too was suffused with the urgent pungency of the rising sap, with the fragrance of the wild cherry, with the vinous promise of the orchard, with the richness of the mould, with the vagrant perfume of the early flowers.

He lighted a tallow dip, and he sat him down with writing materials at the bare table to indite a letter while all his household slept. The windows stood open to the dark night, and Spring hovered about outside, and lounged with her elbows on the sill, and looked in. He constantly saw something pale and elusive against the blackness, for there was no moon, but he thought it only the timid irradiation with which his tallow dip suffused the blossoming wands of an azalea, growing lithe and tall hard by. With this witness only he wrote the letter—an anonymous letter, and therefore he was indifferent to the inadequacies of his penmanship and his spelling. He labored heavily in its composition, now and then substituting printed characters for chirography, and perpetrating several portentous blots. He grew warm, although the fire that had served to cook supper had long languished under the bank of ashes. The tallow dip seemed full of caloric, and melted rapidly in long pendulous drippings. He now and again mopped his red face, usually so bloodless, with his big bandanna handkerchief, while all the zephyrs were fanning the flying tresses of Spring at the window, and the soft, sweet, delicately attuned vernal chorus of the marshes were tentatively running over *sotto voce* their allotted melodies for the season. Oh, it was a fine night outside, and why should a moth, soft-winged and cream-tinted and silken-textured, come whisking in from the dark, as silently as a spirit, to supervise Nehemiah Yerby's letter, and travel up and down the page all befouled with the ink? And as he sought to save the sense of those significant sentences from its trailing silken draperies, why should it rise suddenly, circling again and again about the candle, pass through the flame, and fall in quivering agonies once more upon the page? He looked at it, dead now, with satisfaction. It had come so very near ruining his letter—an important letter to a deputy marshal of the revenue force, who was known to be in a neighboring town, describing the lair of the illicit distillers. He had good reason to withhold his signature, for the name of the informer in the ruthless vengeance of the region would be as much as his life was worth. The moth had not spoiled the letter—the laborious letter; he was so glad of that! He saw no analogies, he received not even a subtle warning, as he sealed and addressed the envelope and affixed the postage-stamp. Then he snuffed out the candle with great satisfaction.

The next morning the missive was posted, and all Nehemiah Yerby's plans took a new lease of life. The information he had given would result in an immediate raid upon the place. Leander would be captured amongst the moonshiners, but his youth and his uncle's representations—for he would give the officers an inkling of the true state of the case—would doubtless insure the boy's release, and his restoration to those attractive commercial prospects which had been devised for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREDERICK L. AMES.

Frederick Lothrop Ames, one of the best-known capitalists of New England, was found dead in his state-room on the Fall River steamboat *Pilgrim* upon her arrival in New York on Wednesday, September 13th. He had boarded the boat on the previous evening at Fall River in apparent health, and retired at an early hour, and not until some time after the boat had reached her pier was the state-room broken open and the body found. It was then evident that Mr. Ames had passed away about the middle of the night, having been stricken with apoplexy.

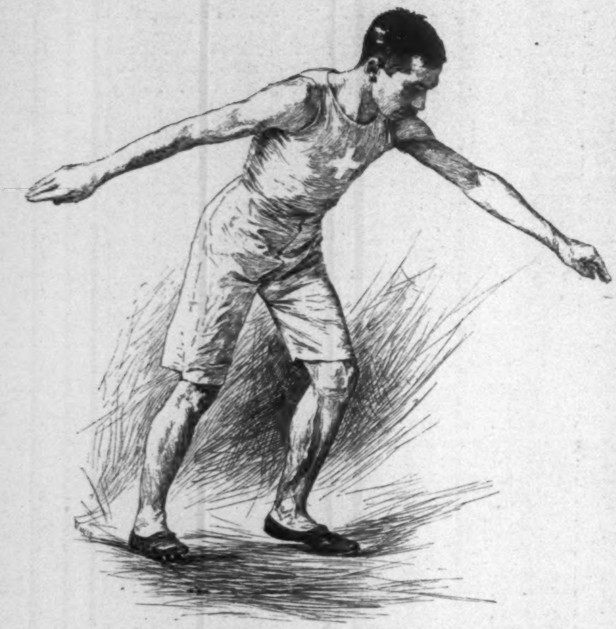
Mr. Ames was born in Easton, Massachusetts, on June 8, 1835, the son of Oliver Ames and Sarah Lothrop. After receiving a course of education at Concord he went to the Phillips Exeter Academy, whence he entered Harvard College. At the age of nineteen he graduated, and entered upon a business life. His first position was that of a clerk in the North Easton Iron-Works, but by degrees his executive abilities were recognized, and he received well-earned promotion. In 1863 the young man, through the death of his grandfather, became a member of the firm, which is now known as the Oliver Ames & Sons Corporation, in which he continued to hold his share until his death.

Mr. Ames, however, did not confine his talents to the business of his ancestors, but sought outside investments for his money. He became largely interested in railroads, and was a director in a number of roads while quite a young man. By judicious investment his fortune increased, and at the time of his death he was one of the best-informed men in the country on the subject of railroad management, and also among the richest men of New England. It is said that he held official connection with about fifty railroad companies, was the Vice-President of the Old Colony Railroad, a director in the Old Colony Steamship Company, and among the most prominent outside corporations held the positions of President of the First National Bank of North Easton, President of the North Easton Savings-Bank, director in the New England Trust Company, in the Bay State Trust Company, in the American Loan and Trust Company, in the New York Mercantile Trust Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the Chicago and Northwestern.

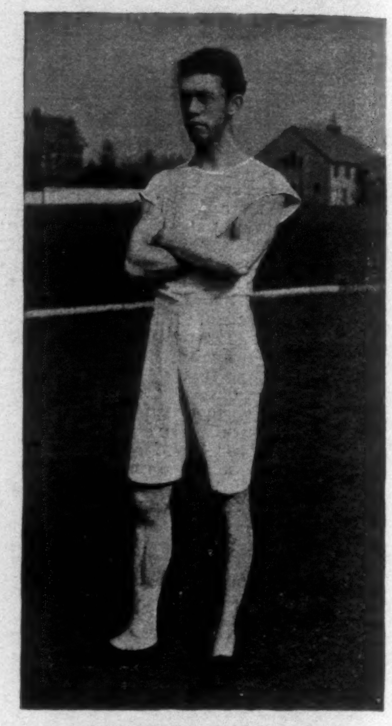
These many offices of trust and responsibility made Mr. Ames a very busy man, but owing to the remarkable executive ability which he possessed and gave such early evidence of, he managed to do more than an ordinary man's work. He was a careful, reserved man in his business, full of dignity and moral strength, and earned the regard of all with whom he came in contact. It is estimated that he leaves a fortune in the neighborhood of $25,000,000.

In 1860 Mr. Ames married Rebecca, the daughter of James Blair, of St. Louis. Mrs. Ames and five children survive him, as follows: Helen Angier, now the wife of Robert C. Hooper; Oliver 2d, recently married to Miss Elise A. West; Lothrop; Mary Shreve Lothrop; and John Stanley. Outside of his business Mr. Ames was connected with many charitable institutions, and he and his wife are known and blessed for their many charities. Mr. Ames was particularly interested in the work of the Kindergarten for the blind, to which he gave both time and money. Harvard College has also been the recipient of many gifts, having received from him over $60,000. In a number of other ways Mr. Ames made worthy use of his money, and his loss is severely felt in Boston and North Easton, where he resided. Apart from his busy life, he found recreation in the collection of art subjects and precious ware; and he was also an ardent floriculturist, having one of the finest greenhouses in the country.

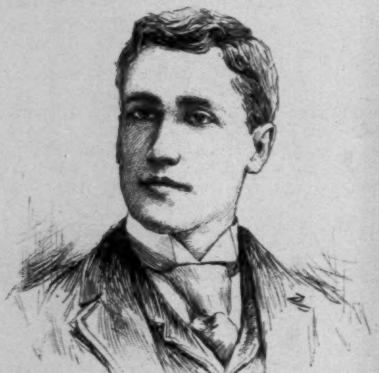
M. F SWEENEY, X. A. A.
World's Record, In-door and Out-door Running High Jumping, 6 feet $3^1/_2$ inches, and 6 feet $4^1/_4$ inches.



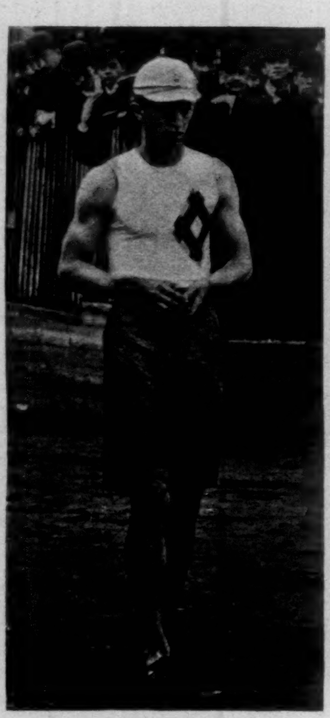
T. P. CONNEFF.
World's Record, 1 mile, $4.17^4/_5$.



JOHN OWEN, JUN., D. A. C.
World's Record, 100 yards, $9^4/_5$ seconds.

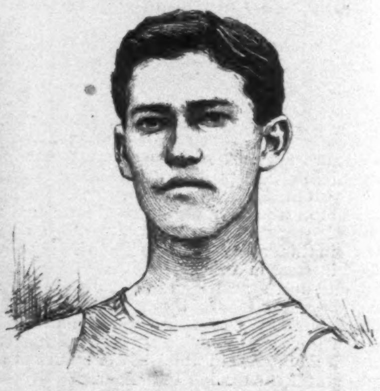


C. T. REBER, PASTIME A. C.
World's Record, Running Broad Jump, 23 feet, $6^1/_2$ inches.



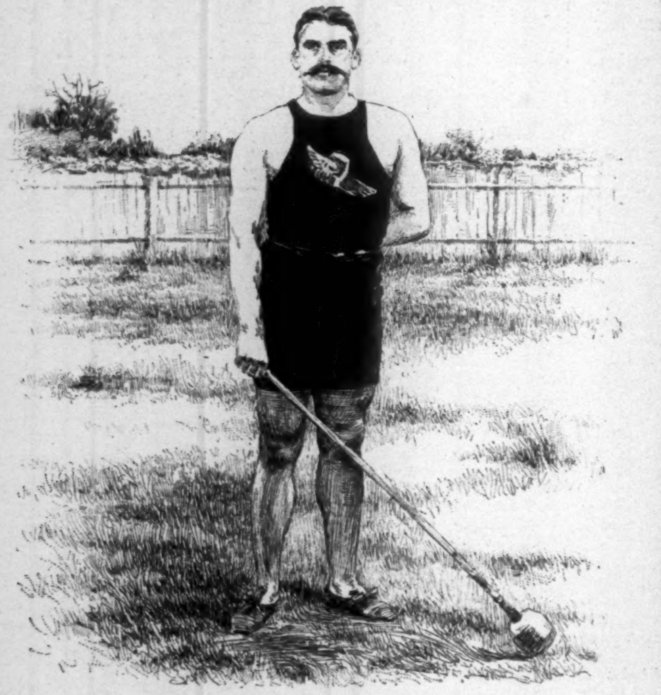
F. C. PUFFER.
Holds 120-yard Hurdle Championship, $15^2/_5$ seconds, and 220-yard Hurdle Championship, $25^2/_5$ seconds.

GEORGE R. GRAY, N. Y. A. C.
World's Record, 16-pound shot, 46 feet $7^3/_4$ inches.

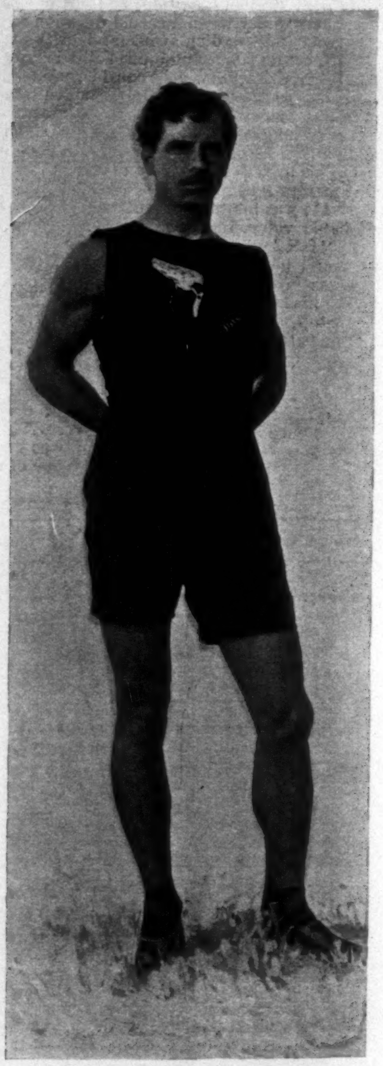


THEODORE LUCE, D. A. C.
Holds Pole Vault Championship at 11 feet.

H. M. JEWETT, D. A. C.
World's Record, 220 yards, $21^3/_5$ seconds.

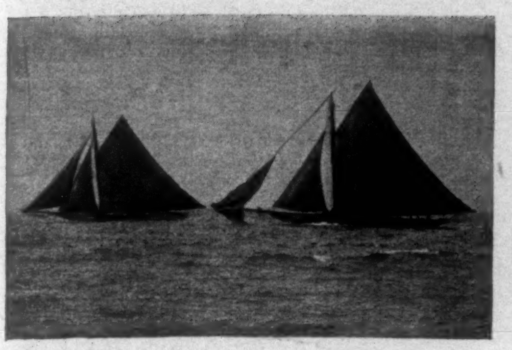


J. S. MITCHELL, N. Y. A. C.
World's Records, 16-pound hammer, 141 feet 9 inches, and 56-pound weight, 35 feet 6 inches.

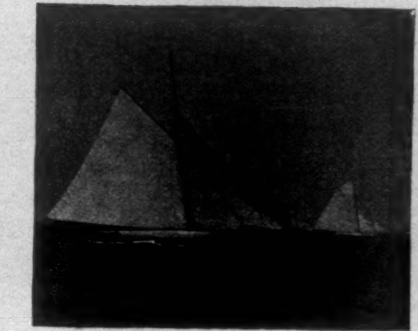


WALTER DOHM, N. Y. A. C.
American Record, half-mile, $1.54^1/_2$.

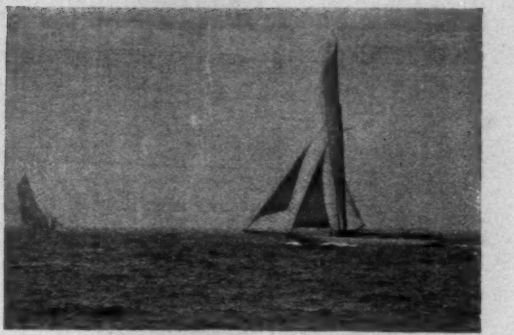
RECORD ATHLETES.—[SEE "AMATEUR SPORT."]



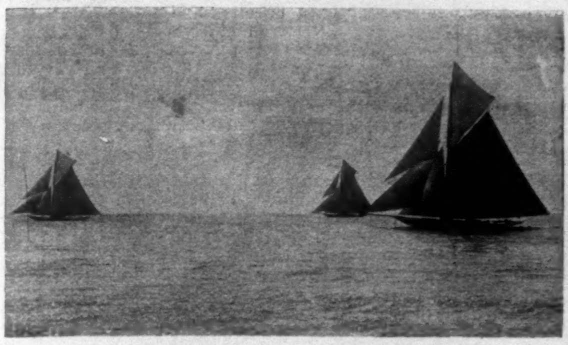
Vigilant. *Jubilee.*
SEPTEMBER 7TH.—TWO MINUTES AFTER THE START—JUST BEFORE THE "JUBILEE" BROKE DOWN.



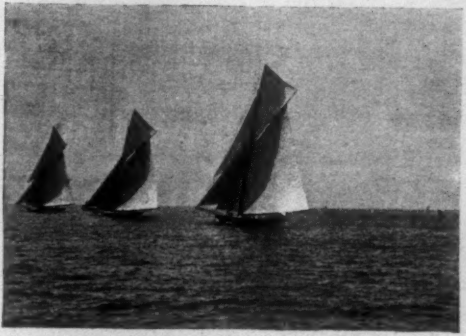
Vigilant. *Colonia.*
SEPTEMBER 7TH.—ONE HOUR AND THIRTY MINUTES OUT—"VIGILANT" SETTING TOPSAIL.



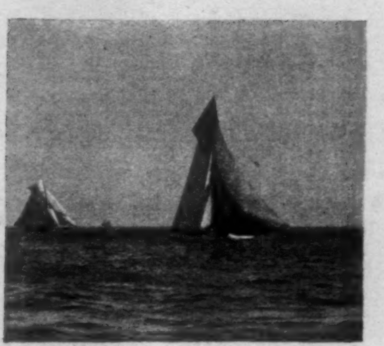
Colonia. *Vigilant.*
SEPTEMBER 7TH.—ROUNDING THE OUTER MARK.



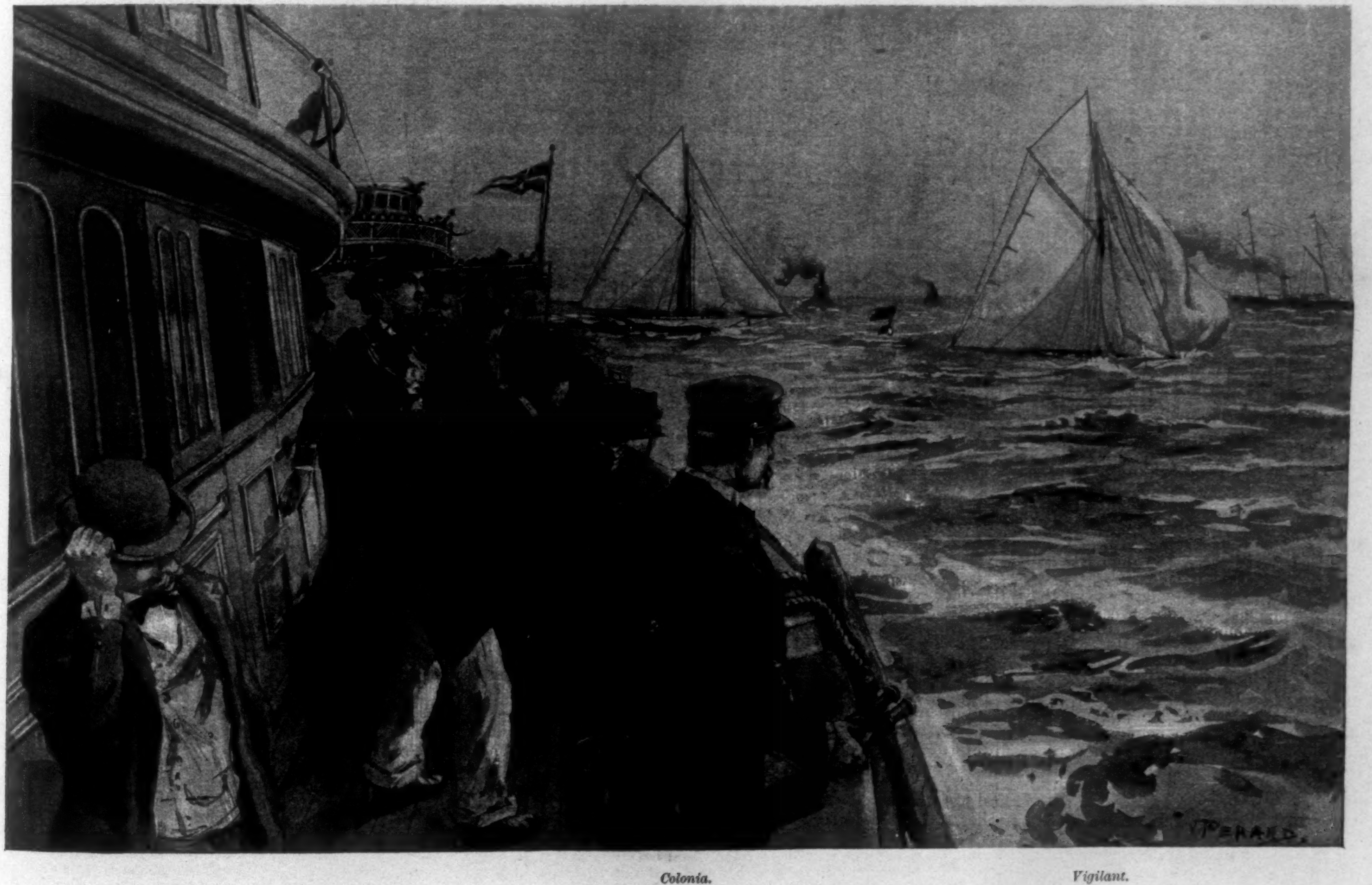
Jubilee. *Vigilant.* *Colonia.*
SEPTEMBER 9TH.—TWO MILES BEFORE REACHING THE FIRST MARK.



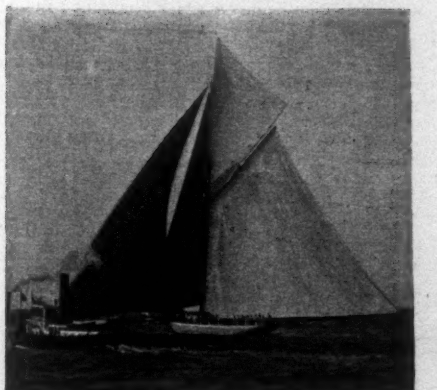
Vigilant. *Pilgrim.* *Jubilee.* Mark Flag.
SEPTEMBER 9TH.—AROUND THE FIRST MARK.



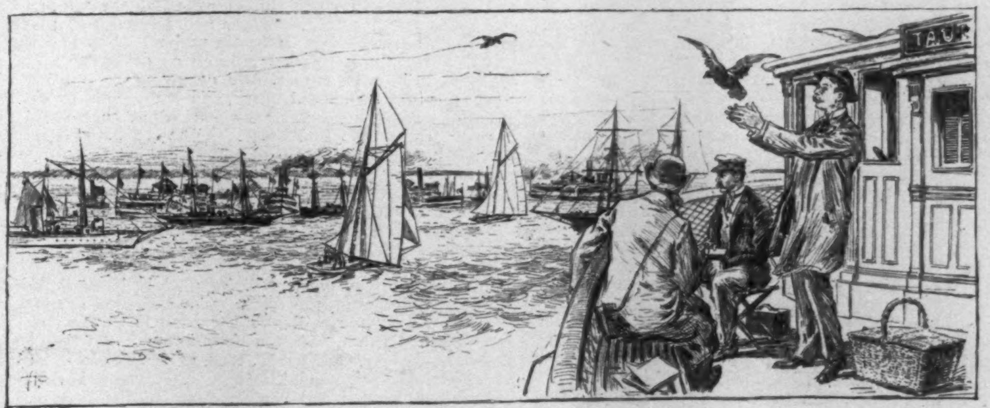
Jubilee. *Vigilant.* Mark Flag.
SEPTEMBER 9TH.—AT THE SECOND MARK.



Colonia. *Vigilant.*
TURNING AT THE STAKE—FIRST RACE.



SEPTEMBER 9TH.—"VIGILANT" CROSSING FINISH LINE AT "SCOTLAND" LIGHTSHIP.



THE FINISH OF THE THIRD RACE—SENDING HOME RESULTS OF THE RACE BY CARRIER-PIGEONS.

THE TRIAL YACHT-RACES FOR DEFENDER OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.—DRAWINGS BY VICTOR PERARD.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

MR. PETERS OF SCHOHARIE ON MODERN RACING CRAFT.

I don't know much 'bout racin' craft, but those of them I've seed
Is mighty curious-lookin' things, in spite of all their speed.
The *Viggylant*, that some folks think's the fastest thing afloat,
Is just about as safe, I think, as any unbroke goat.

I wouldn't trust my life aboard a thing that looks like that,
Not even if you'd offer me a thousand dollars flat;
I'd sooner take my chances on a shingle in the bay,
Than go a mile outside on her upon the cammest day.

She's got, it 'pears to me, about two million yards of sail,
A-fastened on to masts and spars that looks so very frail
I'd rather meet a grizzly, with a toothpick in my hand,
Than set aboard o' that there boat six inches from the land.

I wouldn't care a shillin' if she'd go a thousand knots,
An' beat a cable message like she does them other yachts;
You couldn't get me sailin'—not for all the British crown—
On boats with hulls like razors with the blades a-hangin' down.

An' when I takes up racin' it 'll be on solid ground,
So long as boats like them's the kind that folks consider sound.
There's fun enough for me on land with my old sorrel mare
That went a mile in seven two last autumn at the Fair.

Though if the boys up my way wants aquatticks, I'll consent.
I always b'lieved in lettin' boys go follow up their bent.
But all the water races into which Si Peters goes
Will be in drinkin' from the pump or squirtin' with the hose.

John Kendrick Bangs.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

What with *Sheridan, or the Maid of Bath*, *In Mizzoura*, and Henry Guy Carleton's new-old play *The Lion's Mouth*, the American dramatist may be said to have been *en fête* during the past fortnight. It is rather a curious fact that the three plays above named are so entirely different in point of both subject and treatment as to present few points of comparison, though each in its way is an honest dramatic effort written with an evidently sincere artistic purpose. If American dramatic authors will continue to work on lines like these in the true artistic spirit, the time will not be very long in coming when managers will cease to look for dramatic attractions abroad, as they will be able to do quite as well, if not better, at home. The evident cordiality of the welcome extended by the public to these productions of native art is also distinct evidence of the fact that the American theatre-goer is now alive to and willing to admit the fact that "good may come out of Nazareth," and thus the most needed incentive to the native author, that of expressed public interest and commendation in and of his work, is obtained.

One has now to speak of *In Mizzoura*, Mr. Thomas's new play, or rather "Drama of Character," successfully produced by Mr. Goodwin at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It has been known for some time past that Mr. Goodwin had aspirations for the legitimate, and after seeing him in the *Gilded Fool* one could but admit that these aspirations were warranted by the circumstances. If as a play *In Mizzoura* does not appeal to audiences in quite the same degree as the author's former charming effort, *Alabama*, it is not because the play is less inherently artistic and true to life, but rather because the surroundings themselves are less artistically picturesque and attractive. And yet there is no lack of a true poetic feeling and pathos in the somewhat homely incidents and uncouth characters so ably drawn by the author of *In Mizzoura*.

The characters themselves are hardly new; they are even conventional. The incidents, too, are certainly such as may be looked upon as common property by the writer of melodrama, and yet these character types and these incidents have been so skilfully handled by the author, with so much knowledge of human character and so much truth to human nature, that the result is almost wholly admirable.

In Mizzoura may lack incident and not be an exciting play; few people, however, one would think, would fail to find it a charming one; more than this, it is especially welcome because wholly national, giving us a picture of the characteristic Western life in pioneer times in the same way, and, all things equal, with the same effect, as *Alabama* did of the South in war-time.

In the central figure, Jim Radburn, the kindly and intrepid Sheriff of a wild Southwestern county, rough in manners, but with the heart of a child, Mr. Goodwin has a character which gives him full opportunity for the display of his abilities in the line of legitimate dramatic work, and it must be confessed that he has taken every advantage of the opportunities offered by giving us a picturesque, sincere, and well-colored impersonation, instinct with no little pathos and repressed force. One is inclined to add, more by way of comment than criticism, that the somewhat sullen taciturnity of the character as played by Mr. Goodwin seems hardly to accord with the dry humor and kindliness of disposition which was also displayed in his rendering of the part. There was also a certain constraint about Mr. Goodwin's manner and methods which seems to suggest that he still feared falling back into the older methods with which he was familiar. It is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Goodwin will not follow the questionable advice which, it is said, has been given him by some of his friends and admirers, and discard *In Mizzoura* for *A Gilded Fool*, for a time at least. As a play, *In Mizzoura* evidently appeals to popular taste in its quaint humor and characterization, and it is by playing such parts as that of the Sheriff, even though it does not stand out with the prominence perhaps due to a presumably star rôle, that Mr. Goodwin may well hope to attain that foremost position in his profession which his legitimate talents evidently entitle him to if he will but allow them fair play.

Apart from the central character, *In Mizzoura* was exceedingly well played, on the whole. Mr. Burr McIntosh as the blacksmith, Mrs. Walters as the wife, and Miss Minnie Dupre as their younger daughter were entirely admirable, and gave character sketches which struck one as being absolutely faithful reproductions of real characters. Miss Mabel Amber as the elder daughter of the blacksmith, the Sheriff's sweetheart, was entirely out of the picture, and, whether through her own faults or those of the author, failed entirely to enlist either the sympathy or interest of the audience. Several minor characters were well done, and the whole performance moved with effect and evidently careful study of detail. It will be perhaps some time before the public, forgetting the many times when he has made them fairly ache with merriment, will be willing and content to accept Mr. Goodwin in his new surroundings. Yet that these surroundings are, on the whole, more suitable and fitting, as they are certainly more commendable, for the honest and artistic purpose they suggest, can hardly be doubted, and, on the whole, Mr. Goodwin must be credited with distinct success on his first attempt in the realms of legitimate drama, and must also be congratulated on the vehicle which has to so great a degree helped him to secure this much-to-be-desired result.

If *In Mizzoura* have a fault, it is that the local color lacks contrast and relief, and grows in consequence a trifle monotonous in tone when the third act is reached. One is tempted to quote in this connection the remark made by the blacksmith's daughter in the first act, that "she was weary of her narrow surroundings and longed for the freer air and greater variety of life in the world outside." It perhaps never occurred to the author that his audience, or a part of it at least, might feel, unconsciously perhaps, the same lack of variety from the same surroundings. For all this, however, the popular success of *In Mizzoura* can hardly be questioned.

When one remembers that the same hand penned that delightfully humorous series of sketches *The Thompson Street Poker Club*, and also the many really beautiful and poetic lines in *The Lion's Mouth*, one can hardly fail to admit and admire the surprising versatility of their author, whatever fault one may have to find with the play produced by Messrs. Ward & James at the Star Theatre last week. *The Lion's Mouth*, taken as a whole, is somewhat like a child born out of time; it represents neither present ideas as to dramatic work, the present condition of popular taste in reference to the same, nor its author's present powers and capabilities. Both in conception and execution it represents rather what might be called the "Sophomoric" period of a literary career. It is evidently an imitation of the Shakespearian drama, and though it follows that drama at some distances, it must be confessed that, particularly in the romantic portions, the imitation is surprisingly good. Had it been produced twenty-five years ago, or even when first written (if we mistake not, nearly ten years ago), *The Lion's Mouth* would have been a greater success than it is; to-day, it must be confessed, it sounds somewhat stilted, stagy, and affected. As has been said, however, it contains not a few really poetical and charming ideas, and not a few lines of real literary merit and artistic beauty; but in plot and development it now strikes one as conventionally melodramatic, and is certainly, according to present ideas, both verbose and too long drawn out. The piece would also have been more effective had it been thoroughly well played, which it was not. Mr. James, as a picturesque villain in the guise of a priest, had a most effective part and made the most of it; while Mr. Ward played the conventional hero of romantic drama, who, after various and sundry trials and tribulations, with alternating love scenes of pathos and passion, finally triumphs over all his enemies and obtains the object of his desires and ambitions in a thoroughly conventional style. Of the rest of the cast, with the exception of Mr. Cooper, who played a palpably Shakespearian jailer of a presumably humorous type with effect, it is not necessary to speak. Mr. Carleton has to a certain extent succeeded in giving his play an atmosphere and local color. The characters and dialogue do not belie the Venetian surroundings, and were a blue pencil used with judgment to relieve the play of much that is irrelevant and tedious in both dialogue and incident, and a more competent presenting company secured, its many good points would be brought into greater prominence. Even as it is, Mr. Carleton is entitled to no little credit; he should, however, not be tempted by present success to dive too deep into his manuscript cupboard. *The Lion's Mouth* by no means represents what Mr. Carleton is capable of at the present time.

The announcement, made a short time back, that Mr. Emil Paur, of Leipsic, was to succeed Mr. Arthur Nikisch as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to one somewhat in the nature of a disappointment. Though, from all accounts, a competent and thoroughly well-trained musician, Mr. Paur has hardly yet gained an extended reputation abroad, and has, in a way, his spurs as a concert conductor still to win. With such men as Shuch and Weingartner at his disposition, as is known to have been the case, it is a little difficult to understand the reasons of Mr. Higginson's choice of a conductor, unless the present hard times made the matter of salary an object. At the head of such an organization as the Boston Symphony Orchestra Mr. Paur will certainly enjoy unlimited opportunities for making name and fame for himself, and his coming will therefore be looked forward to with interest, if not with the pleasurable anticipation that the coming of a better-known musician would have afforded. Mr. Paur is an Austrian by birth, and is thirty-seven years old. He studied the violin and composition under Helmesberger and Dessoff, and played first violin in the Vienna Orchestra under Richter and Herbeck. Before he succeeded Nikisch as conductor of the opera at Leipsic he successfully occupied the position of conductor in Cassel, Königsberg, and Mannheim, in which latter city his success was very marked, as is also said to have been the case in Leipsic. Although his experience thus far has been in the line of operatic rather than of concert work, Herr Paur's abilities as a conductor are endorsed in strong terms by German authorities, and it is to be hoped that he will succeed in maintaining and even emphasizing the commanding position now held by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Lovers of organ music will be glad to learn that Mr. Alexandre Guilmant, the distinguished French organ virtuoso and composer, will give a concert in this city at the Old South Church, Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street, on Friday, October 13, 1893, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Next to Saint-Saëns, Mr. Guilmant is the best organist in France, and certainly one of the best in the world at the present time, while his compositions in the way of church and organ music are known all over the world and widely appreciated. His single appearance in New York will therefore be looked forward to with great interest.

As an entertainment both novel and interesting in style, and as an exhibition of technical dexterity in a profession which always arouses the sympathy and interest of mankind, "The Military Tournament" now being given at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre is worthy of hearty endorsement. The spectacle as a whole was organized in imitation, though on a somewhat smaller scale, of a similar affair which made a tremendous success in London a year or two since. In this tournament we are given an exhibition of various military evolutions and manœuvres, such as the "Trooping the Colors," Infantry and Cavalry drilling, and Artillery driving; of various British military sports, such as Tent-Pegging, Single Stick combats, on foot and on horseback; fencing with sword and bayonet, and similar exercises; the whole ending with a sham fight, in the shape of an attack on a fortified position by all arms, with blank ammunition. About two hundred men in the various best-known uniforms of the British army, the Lifeguards, horse and foot, Lancers, Artillery, and Highland regiments, are employed in the various evolutions, which are, on the whole, exceedingly picturesque and well done, although even the large area of the Amphitheatre seems a little confined for them. Of the various numbers on the programme, Trooping the Colors, the Tent-Pegging, the "Musical Ride" of the Guards, the Artillery driving, and the final sham fight are the most effective and interesting. Events like fencing with the sword and bayonet and Highland dancing, where only a few are employed, seem out of place in so large an enclosure as that of the Madison Square Garden, and could well be omitted without any detriment to the spectacle as a whole. A capital military band adds not a little to the general effect of the tournament. To those who have never been abroad and who are consequently unfamiliar with the pomp and panoply of war as there displayed, the entertainment cannot fail to appeal, and even to those familiar with the evolutions and sports of foreign troops the tournament is interesting, in that it is thoroughly well done and good of its kind, and, with the exceptions noted above, enjoyable throughout. Its stay at the Garden should be, one would think, a profitable one.

Reginald de Koven.

THE COMING WEDDING.

Miss Annie T. Howard, of New Orleans, who is soon to become the wife of Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, is the only daughter and youngest of four children of the late Charles T. Howard, of Baltimore, who afterwards made New Orleans his home, where he married a native creole, Miss Boullemet, and very soon amassed a large fortune. Miss Howard is of medium height, very fair complexion, with light brown hair and blue eyes. She was born at Biloxi, Mississippi, their summer home, some time during the late war.

It was here where her childhood and early girlhood were spent in romping, boating, riding, and fishing, with her father, who was an enthusiastic sportsman. But when she was about the age of eight years her health suddenly failed, and has never been fully regained. In the hope that a change of climate would be beneficial, she spent five years at the home of her father on the Hudson River, but without avail. Since then she has travelled constantly, rarely remaining for longer than a few months in any one place.

In the winter of 1880 she was Queen of the Carnival at New Orleans, and for the rest of the season was quite prominent in society. Although her strength is limited, she is still very fond of entertaining, and her little dinner parties are quite noted.

The little Episcopal church at Biloxi is where Miss Howard is to be married. It was built as a memorial to a deceased rector by her brother, Mr. H. T. Howard. The church is almost hidden behind the long Spanish-moss hanging from the branches of the enchanted "ring tree," which—so the legend goes—was long ago the means of uniting an Indian maid to her copper-colored brave.

The Howard home is immediately next to the church, and here her mother spends nearly the entire year. Miss Howard has an ample fortune, and four years ago she presented the city of New Orleans with a $100,000 public library in memory of her father. She still takes a lively interest in it, and is constantly making valuable additions to its shelves.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A number of deaths of recent occurrence from toadstool poisoning in and near New York will doubtless make consumers of mushrooms particularly careful not to eat toadstools by mistake. To gather wild mushrooms in the field and find them good to eat is very gratifying to the thrifty spirit of man, inasmuch as it seems one way of getting something for nothing, and beating nature by reaping where no one has sown. But to eat toadstools by mistake is to afford an excessively deleterious surprise to one's insides. The worst of it is that a single toadstool in a lot of true mushrooms may poison the whole mess, and spread tumult and even sudden death among the consumers. But all fungi which are not mushrooms are not necessarily toadstools. There is a thing called a puff-ball, which attains the size and much of the shape and appearance of an ostrich egg, which grows in mushroom localities, and can be eaten with excellent results. Sliced and fried in batter like egg-plant it is as edible as real food. A family that consumed one of these things for supper a fortnight ago were all alive at last accounts and looking for another.

All babies are good, but girl babies are the better sort. For one thing, they are prettier than the other kind, and then they grow up with much less violence to the parental feelings. Just as a boy baby begins to be really attractive you have to cut his hair and put him into trousers, thereby bringing (practically) a stranger into the family, and causing a violent upheaval of ideals. But girls can be allowed to progress without much interference on the same lines on which they start. None of their changes are violent. From long dresses to short, from top-knots to curls, from curls to braids, from braids to the next thing, whatever the fashion is, from short dresses to longer ones, and at length to womanly skirts—all the gradations run easily into one another, and give pleasing impressions to the observer. And then, besides, as has been so often pointed out, a family that has a reasonable grip upon its own, never loses its girls.

"A man goes where his wife wills," and for sound reasons, because she lives at home more than he does, and it makes more difference to her than to him where the home is. If any one wants men in his family, the best way is to raise girls who will marry them in. And it is one advantage of this plan that it gives the family some chance of discrimination—albeit a small one—as to the men it will have, whereas if it raises boys it has got to take what fortune sends it.

For these reasons, and for a great many more other reasons than can be here set forth, it behooves any family that thinks itself somewhat long of girls to be humbly thankful, and try hard to raise all it has got.

And apropos of that last word, a correspondent in Ohio has fallen foul in a Busy World paragraph of the expression "has got a great morning journal," and wants to know if he is mistaken in thinking that "has got," used in that way, is ungrammatical.

I hope not; but indeed I cannot tell him. Keeping strictly within the rules of grammar is an exercise that to my mind comes under the heading of athletic sports, and questions relating to it should be treated in an able and accurate department of HARPER'S WEEKLY which will be found in another column. It is only too possible that "got," as used in the sentence quoted, is superfluous, and yet I shall be sorry if it turns out to be really objectionable. It is a very good little word, and comes out in a sentence with a pleasant bang that seems to help to speed the thought it is geared to.

Once there were three ladies who went to a railroad station to meet a one-legged soldier who was coming home from the war on crutches. The train came in and the people got out of it, but they couldn't find their lame soldier. Great was their distraction, until the conductor, observing their dismay, waved his hand to them from the platform and shouted, "This way, ladies; I've got him in the back car!" Perhaps "I have him" would have been more grammatical, but to my ear "I've got" conveyed an idea of achievement which was actually in the conductor's mind, whereas "I have" would have merely expressed possession. Will not the gentleman from Ohio concede that there is a somewhat better pair of legs under "has got" than under mere "has," and that the more impetuous expression is permissible where movement is called for?

There is such persistence about the reports of the death of Emin Pasha in Africa that even the more conservative newspaper reader must begin to be impressed by them. It may strike some minds as an additionally lamentable thing that Emin did not die a natural death, but was cut off by Arabs. Yet what a natural death is must depend somewhat on environment and circumstances. To be killed by Arabs in mid-Africa must be an end that Emin had grown used to contemplate, and must have seemed at least as natural to him as it would to a New-Yorker to be sped on his last course by pneumonia in March. To be murdered where murder is the custom of the country must be quite different from meeting a violent end where the mind has grown used to the notion of dying in bed. Sailors must drown with fewer compunctions than landsmen, else were theirs an uneasy life. If it had not come far more natural to our forebears, the old-time frontiersmen, to be tomahawked or tortured to death by Indians than it would to us, they must have died before their time of fright.

The State of New York is especially popular in Chicago since its commissioners determined to present the State building to the Board of Lady Managers for a permanent museum. The commissioners could not very well bring the building home with them, and it was much too good to tear down, so that their disposition of it seems highly judicious. Just one possible objection to their course is suggested. It is a first-rate idea to secure the preservation of the New York Building by giving it to the lady managers, but how about the possibility that the gift will work both ways, and that the continued existence of the Board of Lady Managers will be secured by the building! If the board owns property, of course it will have to keep alive and look after it. Very likely it owns other property, and would stay alive anyway. Very probably, also, any action that helps to preserve a Board of Lady Managers indefinitely in Chicago is good and salutary for that reason. But this is a censorious world, and if even a false rumor got around that New York had given Chicago a Board of Lady Managers, and thrown in a State building, there are lots of people even in this magnanimous country who are just mean enough to smile. Of course if the board could be stuffed, and put inside of the building as the nucleus of the museum, that would be a perfect solution of all difficulties, but there is too much reason to believe that such a course would be abhorrent to contemporaneous public sentiment.

The dawn of Mr. W. D. Howells on the World's Fair is hailed with acclamations by the Chicago press. He is welcomed as "the foremost American maker of novels with real Americans in them," and the distinguished Chicago laureate, Mr. Field, hopes that no pains will be spared to make his visit pleasant and profitable. It can hardly fail to be both. Indeed, there is no one who could be expected to derive more profit than Mr. Howells from consideration of the remarkable blending of the actual and the ideal which is shown at Jackson Park. The people are real people, the "goods" are material property, but the setting is purely imaginary—an intellectual conception crystallized. If Mr. Howells would take as much pains to idealize the setting of his realities as the World's Fair people have, his critics might have to find a new target for their shafts.

E. S. MARTIN.

IN THE NORTHWESTERN WHEAT FIELDS.

ONE of the most interesting events in the World's Columbian Exposition was the Northwestern tour taken by the foreign commissioners, August 23d–30th, to the centre of the hard wheat region of the United States, and, as some hold, of the world.

The party consisted not only of commissioners from the foreign nations, but members of the various departments of agriculture, and representatives of some of the leading Continental newspapers.

The prime object of the trip was to show these representatives of other nations the mills and the fields, to let them see how wheat grows and is harvested and threshed in America, and how it is milled.

The arrangements, which were planned by Mr. William E. Curtis, of the foreign department — the Latin-American — of the World's Fair, were carried out by him in such excellent style that the complete object was attained; the members of the party learned more in the week they were in the Northwest about the vast food granary of America than they could have learned by any amount of statistical study.

The line of the trip was from Chicago to Minneapolis and St. Paul, then north to the Red River Valley, up the valley—the richest grain region in the world—to Gretna, a little place across the boundary line in Canada, then back to Chicago *viâ* Fargo, the Twin Cities, and Milwaukee.

At Larimore, North Dakota, the party saw the cutting of grain upon an eleven-thousand-acre farm, with forty-two self-binders in the field; at the Dalrymple farm, near Hillsboro, North Dakota, steam-threshers were doing their swift and saving work on a farm which has in a single block over twenty-five thousand acres. The Dalrymple farms comprise seventy-seven thousand acres.

The wonderful prairies, yellow with a mighty harvest, the rare skill displayed in the handling and the grinding of the wheat for the nations, the kindly hospitality bestowed upon the party, both upon the special train of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul and the Great Northern railroads and in all the towns and cities where stops were made—and in fact the entire experience—were such as to impress upon these keen-minded men not only the unlimited resources but the splendid friendship of America.

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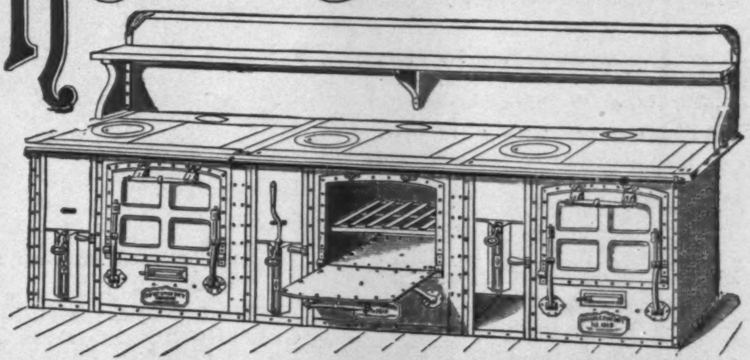

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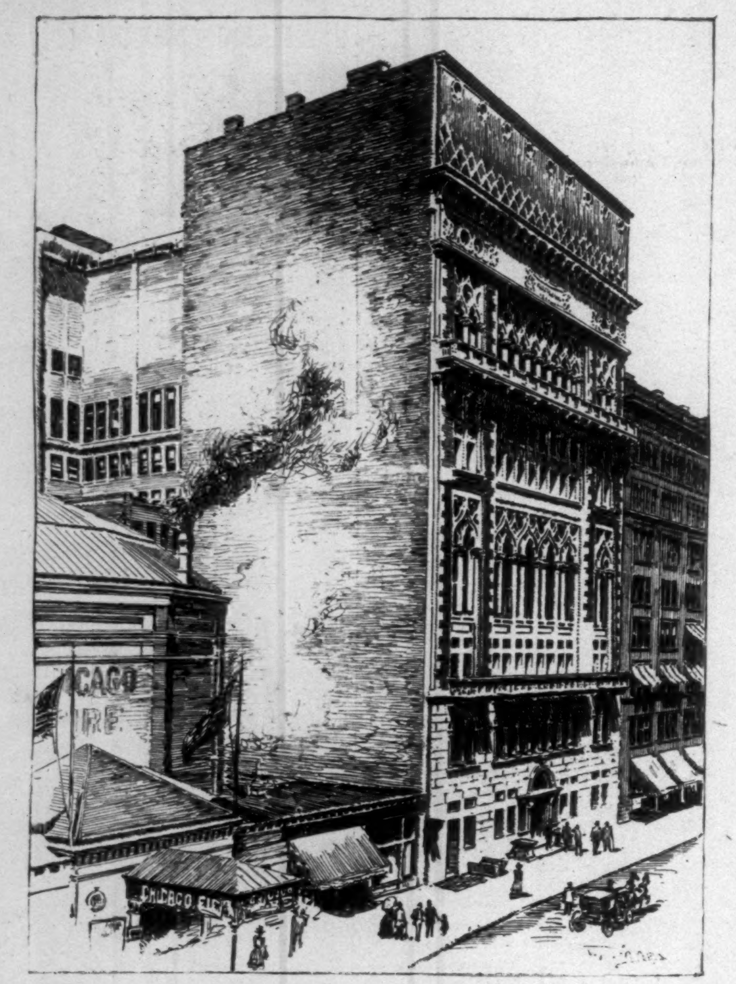


THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION CLUB-HOUSE, CHICAGO.

THE MOST COSTLY ATHLETIC CLUB-HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

WITH true Chicago spirit have several athletic enthusiasts in that ill-drained city by the lake been working during the past two years in promoting a plan of small beginnings but great hopes, and in bringing into definite organization their many ideas, and their keen aspirations that on some near day Chicago might have an athletic club-house well worthy the city to which the best of the world is supposedly being attracted. The consummation of those early chats and conferences has been seen in the incorporation of the Chicago Athletic Association, and in the completion, a short time ago, of the club's nine-story house, near Madison Street, on Michigan Avenue. Like all typical buildings of the city, its proportions are better adapted to a grain-elevator than to a gymnasium; but such inappropriateness is easily overclouded by the taste and elegance that are abundantly displayed in this building, and that make the local claim of its superiority over all similar buildings quite justifiable. From the attractive material and graceful arches of the exterior to the smallest bit of mosaic and carving, the building worthily calls forth praise for draughtsman and artificer, although in its general structure it has those unfortunate peculiarities which again serve to make it very evident, and even imperative, that a gymnasium in which the best results are desired should not be built upon a small frontage, as no amount of skyward extension can compensate for ungainly lateral contraction. Putting aside remark and comment on the straitlaced Chicago style of construction, the building yet has several features that deserve, and that receive, more than passing glances and indiscriminate adjectives. Most prominent of these is the swimming-tank on the first floor, which, for cost and Oriental conception, if not for size, may deservedly be placed in a class by itself. To those resting in the recessed lounging area, overlooking the tank and facing its mirrored wall, must come a sense of satisfaction as they see what money and skill have secured for them, and as they realize that in the room before them, reflective with Italian marbles, is represented the outlay of even a good tenth of the cost of this, which, with Western phraseology, has already been described by that all-inclusive and grandly indefinite term of "temple." The tank, with the adjoining group of superbly finished rooms for special baths, and the main gymnasium, with the accessory rooms for many and varied uses, give the really athletic member all that he can desire in the way of accommodations for training and for ordinary exercise and bodily care. For him who is a member of an athletic club for the club phase, and not for the athletic, ample means of living up to his ideals are afforded in the library, dining, morning reception, and lounging rooms overlooking the lake, and in billiard-room and the other ordinary rooms that are found in every club of such a grade as this. Many rooms well deserve detailed description, but with a beginning of such there would with difficulty be an end, for throughout the building the standard of interior decoration is kept high and above ordinary remark, and so maintained, as might be expected in a building which cost three-quarters of a million dollars.

An athletic club with such ample accommodations for life other than athletic is apt to allow its original aims to become subordinated to ones less worthy, created by the forcible tendencies so common in the large cities among business men, whose days are days of driving, and whose evenings are not evenings of exercise, or even of slight exertion. In the eyes of such, a social club is the only club, and the club that is not one of talk and leisure is no club at all. Such being the case, an athletic club is liable to become anything but athletic; and the weak change is to be lamented. Such a repudiation of original aims does not seem immediately possible with the equipment of men and machines possessed by the Chicago A. A., and it is to be hoped that the club athletics of Chicago will never degenerate to the vigorous occupancy of an easy-chair and the thoughtful counting of Michigan's ripples. If the house is a correct index of its incorporate creator, the ideals of the latter are high and strong, and of such a tendency as to make athletics prominent for good health's sake, and to develop in the country's heart those ways of living and working and playing that will make men happier, stronger, and better. With tried men to manage its finances, with competent men to direct its athletic activity, and with shrewd men to shape its policy, the Chicago Athletic Association has before it a future of prosperity, of influence, and of responsibility; and the last is by no means the least. It can do great good or great harm to amateur sport in the middle West.

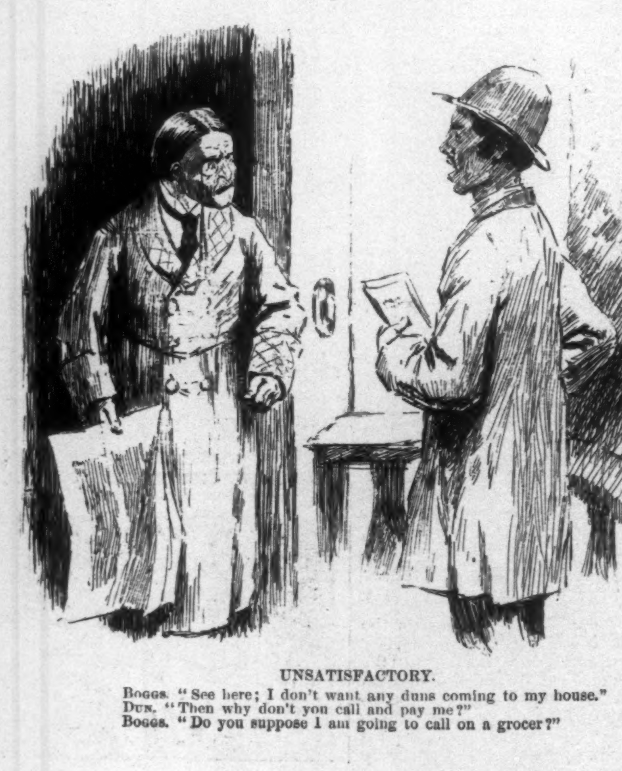
THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB CUPS.

THE Whiting Manufacturing Company have made three very handsome cups for the Larchmont Club, but far and away the most noteworthy of them is the punch-bowl raced for last week by the schooners. This race of the club has grown to be an annual fixture, and become to the two-stickers what the Goelet Cup race has long been to the sloops. The Larchmont event invariably brings together the very best of the schooners, and is the supreme contest of the year for that class. It is quite as it should be, then, that the prize offered is the finest in the land. The winner of this year's cup may add to his trophies the handsomest and most unique manufactured, certainly this season, and it is a question if it is not the most beautiful design of its kind ever turned out. It is distinctly American, with its canoe-prow handles and general Indian decoration. The bowl is oval, 16 × 13 inches, with an extreme height of 10½ inches, while from handle to handle the trophy measures 23½ inches, and cost $1000.

The $500 sloop cup won at the club's recent regatta is also a handsome trophy in pitcher form, 25 inches high, and 8 inches in diameter at its widest part.

The "Commodore's Cup" is a $1000 trophy, and was offered by Caldwell Colt, commodore of the club, for a race between the four cup-defenders. It was originally scheduled for two weeks ago, but the unfavorable weather had prolonged the N. Y. Y. C. cruise and the Astor Cup races, until there was no time left before the defenders must haul out and prepare for the trial races. So it happens that the beautiful cup has not yet been raced for, and the chances are not bright that it will be this year, at least as originally intended. An effort will be made to get all the 85-footers in a race after the *America's* Cup has been won, but it seems improbable, as once the trial races are over the unsuccessful three are more than likely to go out of commission. And yet it would be a very handsome consolation prize. Why would not a race with the international winner barred be interesting? If it happened, as is most likely, that the *Valkyrie* is unsuccessful in her race against the chosen cup-defender, it would be instructive to see where she would come out in a race with the remaining three American 85-footers. It seems as if here was a most excellent manner in which to dispose of this very elaborate trophy. Its form is that of a caravel decorated with sea-horses and mermaids, and its length is 28 inches, by 20 inches in height.

It may be said in the passing that the Larchmont's regatta was somewhat handicapped by the failure, from one cause and another, of many of the entries to materialize, but there was a stiff breeze and plenty of good sport. The two most notable performances were credited to *Queen Mab*, which sailed 27 miles in 2 hours and 58 minutes, and *Viator*, which led the schooners from start to finish.



UNSATISFACTORY.

BOGGS. "See here; I don't want any duns coming to my house."
DUN. "Then why don't you call and pay me?"
BOGGS. "Do you suppose I am going to call on a grocer?"

AMATEVR-SPORT

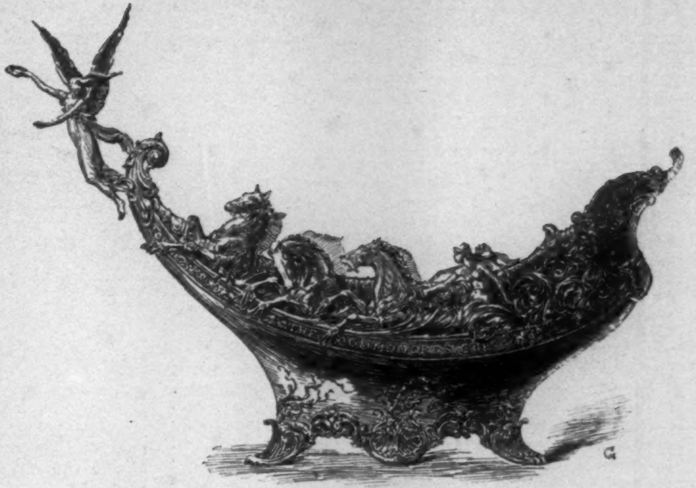
THE POLO SEASON of 1893 must have been declared a failure but for the fine work throughout and the worthy example of the Independence players and the remarkable improvement of the Myopias. The match between these two in the finals at Newport was by all odds the finest we have seen this year. It was more than that—it was the best exhibition of team-play and modern polo we have ever had in this country; and it gives the hope that the example set at the beginning of the season, and maintained by Messrs. Hitchcock, Nicoll, Day, Eustis, and Potter, and now in the last match of the Newport tournament carried out with such good results by the Myopias, will be an object-lesson to the other polo clubs of this country which they will speedily adapt to their own wants.

THE TWO NEEDS of American polo are more team-work and additional evidence of good sportsmanship. It does not answer the purpose nor suggest a remedy to declare (as did some Boston player in his daily paper recently) that polo is a game for gentlemen of leisure, played for recreation and amusement only, and that we should not expect an improvement in individual form, nor an advance of the national standard. All games supported by amateurs are played primarily for recreation and amusement, and yet no one before this Bostonian has ever set that forth as a reason for being satisfied with a low standard of play. It is decidedly un-American to proclaim ourselves indifferent to the future of one of the best of modern games, and yet that is what about ninety per cent. of the polo men are doing. The history of amateur sport shows that whatever game we have taken up has been vastly improved by us, and that American sportsmen are invariably the most skilful in the world. And this is true in every particular except so far as it touches polo.

SLOOP PRIZE, LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

We have made, to be sure, much improvement in the game since its introduction along in 1876, but the national standard to-day is far below what it should be after sixteen years of play. And the cause is traceable directly to the selfishness and short-sighted legislation of the polo men themselves. Comparatively few of them care for the game itself half as much as for their own or their club's ends. Each club has nurtured its two or three stars, and while this handful flourished, the large numbers of second-class players were left to shift for themselves, and learn polo as best they might. The result has been the development of an individual instead of a team game, and just how weak it was the Independence men clearly and quickly demonstrated when they began playing this season. They were actually the first four men after all these sixteen years of American polo to practise together consistently and work up team-play. The easy manner in which they defeated all the other teams until they met the Myopias, virtually their pupils, proved what little we have been doing in the game all these years.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NATURAL to expect that polo men generally would applaud the good work of the Independence, captained by Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., glad to see how far their game was behind the times, and quick to profit by the practical illustration. But instead of applause, there arose a wail of chagrin, and a strong movement set in, that even went so far as to be taken up in a meeting of the Polo Association, to persuade Messrs. Hitchcock, Nicoll, Day, and Eustis to disband their team. Imagine the Board of Governors of an association organized for the furtherance of any sport seriously thinking of requesting men to quit playing because, forsooth, they had developed a superior game, and were too strong for the other teams of the Association. That such a matter was considered shows of what stuff these polo men are made. It is a credit to this particular Association Board that the majority wished the Independence to finish out the season. If the entire department this week were devoted to the subject, the difficulties under which American polo was developed could not be better explained than by this incident. The same selfishness that wished to break up a team because it played a winning game has made literally no provision for the advancement of the second-class players of the various clubs. Consequently, the absence of a star has frequently changed the form of a team from first to almost second class, or broken it up altogether. This year Mr. Hitchcock played with the Independence, and the Meadowbrook team (one of the oldest) failed to put in an appearance at Newport. Civil service reform has taken up too much of Theodore Roosevelt's time to permit of his playing, and the Oyster Bay team collapsed. All of which does not reflect a great deal of credit on the sportsmanship of the two clubs. In the last two years this has been repeatedly the case, and not until this season did a team of comparatively new and second-class players work into first-class form.


THE COMMODORE'S CUP, LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.
Open to the four Eighty-five-foot Sloops built to defend the *America's* Cup.

THIS MAY TRULY BE SAID TO BE the redeeming feature of the polo year. Messrs. Hitchcock, Nicoll, Day, and Potter were all first class before they formed the Independence team, and required but practice and a little hard work to acquire team-play. The Myopias, on the other hand, individually or collectively, at the beginning of the season were not class for the Independence four. That they should have developed such a high quality of team-play as well as brilliant individual work on so humble a beginning is the most notable occurrence in the history of American polo. But for the good work of the Myopias and the Independence the season would have been a sorry failure. The play of the other clubs has fallen fully twenty per cent. below their form of last year, while individually the members have given no evidence of caring especially whether the standard went up or down, or, indeed, whether the game itself went to the demnition bow-wows. The only direction in which old polo men, generally speaking, have exhibited an activity has been in bitter denunciation, of the handicap system, which has been really the means of giving polo the little success it has attained. It happens every season that an improving player will show better form than that with which his handicap credits him, but that is never pronounced enough to alter results of a match The handicaps are allotted each year on the form shown after a season's play, and no plan more equitable can be substituted.

TO WIPE OUT HANDICAPS ALTOGETHER and place all players on an equal basis, as is the case in England, would be the height of folly, since the conditions under which the game is played on both sides of the Atlantic are dissimilar. English polo flourishes chiefly because of the British army officers, who have all the facilities and time unlimited to perfect themselves in the game, and from the further fact that the country gentleman is a genus who flourished in England before we even heard of polo. This gives a much larger number of players, and naturally puts enough in the first class to make handicaps unnecessary. We have not reached championship polo form yet; and until we get several clubs playing like the Independence and Myopias, it would hazard even the position we have struggled into after sixteen years of more or less indifferent effort. It is not the handicap system that should cause polo men uneasiness, but the spirit among themselves that will not permit of the development of the game after the most approved fashion.

THE MYOPIAS GAINED THE DISTINCTION of being the first team this year to defeat the Independence. They more than made up their handicap, and played a great game from beginning to end, though in fairness to the vanquished it should be stated that, what with sickness in the families of two, and lack of practice all round, they were not at their best. The Independence team had G. L. Day, 4 goals; Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., 7; E. C. Potter, 5; B. Nicoll, 6—total, 22 goals. Myopia: A. P. Gardiner, 3; R. G. Shaw, 2d, 5; R. M. Appleton, 3; R. L. Agassiz, 6—total goals, 17. This gave Myopia six goals, and they scored eight and a safety, while Independence scored but five in the three periods of play. The most noteworthy feature of the match was the fast work and team-play of the Myopias. They were always in position, and wasted no time in riding off when there was nothing to be gained thereby. Every one of the Myopias, as a matter of fact, played the game of his life, but Shaw and Agassiz deserve especial mention. No back has shown better work than the latter, and rarely has a number two done so much for his team as did Shaw. Of the Independence, Potter and Nicoll showed up the best—the former made an extraordinary goal; but Hitchcock was entirely off his usual brilliant form, owing to a couple of nights with his sick child, while Day's shaking up a few days before had evidently left more than an unpleasant remembrance. None of them seemed to be on the ball, and missed many a shot at critical moments. It was a hot contest, and a well-deserved and honestly earned victory—the second triumph of the modern school, as suggested by W. K. Thorn two years ago, and put into practice the beginning of this season by Messrs. Hitchcock, Nicoll, Day, and Eustis.

MYOPIA HAD DEFEATED HARVARD rather easily previous to its match with Independence, in a somewhat tame game, by 17½ goals to 9½. Harvard was noticeable chiefly because of the new and younger members of the team, which included J. S. Wadsworth, 0; R. Brooks, 2; E. Cowdin, 2; C. C. Baldwin, 5—total, 9 goals. With the exception of Baldwin they are novices at the game, but they gave evidence—especially Cowdin, who is the brother of Rockaway's steadiest and hardest player, John Cowdin—of having been trained in the proper school. There was actually more of team-play than some of the old men show. But they were completely outclassed by the Myopias. This year has marked the entrance of a young element that will do much to advance the standard of play. They have already scored first blood in race for supremacy.

Harvard showed up to good advantage a few days later by whitewashing the Monmouths—a team including W. Conway, 0; George Thompson, 0; P. T. Collier, 3—total, 3 goals, though the match was too one-sided to be interesting. It is noted here merely as corroborating the advance of the youngsters.

No one expected Harvard would get a single goal in the contest against Myopia, which closed the Newport polo season, but they put up an excellent game and earned 3 goals. They were no match for the Myopias, who earned 13 goals, but they made a plucky fight.

OUTSIDE OF THE EASTERN CLUBS, little has been heard of polo this season, except from California. The most recent member to the Association is the St. Louis club, but if they have done anything since joining they have kept it to themselves. So it is with the only other polo clubs in the country, at Colorado Springs, Colorado, and Sioux City, Iowa; we have heard not a word from either. In California, however, the season is noteworthy as chronicling the first match ever played in the State.

Polo has been in vogue at Santa Monica for five years, but no opportunity offered for a contest with a rival club until the Riversides organized rather more than a year ago. August 26th a match for threes, made up from these clubs, was played on the Santa Monica field, which is fifty yards short of the regulation size. Four fifteen-minute periods were played, and the contest was expected to be very close, but proved an easy victory for Riverside by their superior team-play. They kept in position, maintained good distances, and played very hard.

Santa Monicas, though individually good, were completely at sea. The system adopted by the Riverside Club was two players up, with the back always about thirty yards behind. At this distance he was ready to save goals or to follow up his side and make an occasional run when one of the others went back.

For the Riverside team G. L. Waring (captain) and C. E. Maud played back in alternate quarters, and Robert Bettner was up all through the game; and for the losers W. H. Young was back, and J. B. Procter (captain) and J. Machell played up.

THE GAME WAS EXCEEDINGLY FAST throughout, and the referee was only called upon once to make a decision.

In southern California the English rules are in force. Hooking an adversary's stick is allowable when he is in the act of striking the ball, but at no other time. Englishmen think this a wise rule, and give the reason that when a player is in possession of the ball it is only possible by hooking his stick to prevent him hitting it, or by riding him off; and to ride him off on the near side they believe next to impossible, while to ride him off on the stick side they run the risk of being struck when the man on the ball is making his stroke. Our best players, however, do not agree with the Englishmen. Britishers who want a lesson in riding off should come to any one of our Association matches. Polo is not a ladies' game, and those afraid of getting struck by the mallet had better not play. As a matter of fact, however, it is very rare a man is struck in the face or elsewhere. Southern California had better Americanize its game.

The Santa Monica grounds are hard earth, and the difficulty of keeping the dust down is great. Otherwise it is as good as turf, as the ponies seem to stand the wear and tear of several seasons exceedingly well. There are a great number of smart ponies, and at present the game looks like going ahead on the Pacific coast, as a club has just been started at Burlinghame, in San Mateo County, and another is talked of at Santa Barbara.

OF THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON nothing remains now but the Intercollegiate championship, which will be decided at New Haven next month. It is doubtful if Larned will defend his title, or if he does the chances are he will not represent Cornell. There is small prospect too of either Hovey or Wrenn competing, for one reason and another—chiefly another—and it really is a shame if none of these players is seen, for the Intercollegiate tournament ought to be considered next in importance to the national event at Newport. However, if we are to be deprived of the sport of having the Newport struggle over again between Hovey, Wrenn, and Larned, we shall at least have one of considerable interest between Malcolm Chace, John Howland, and Budlong. Chace will have had ample opportunity to work

SCHOONER PRIZE, LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.

out of the unsettled state in which the Newport tournament seemed to find him, and he and Howland should have a stiffly contested match of it if they come together. A contest between these two must always be productive of exciting moments, for Chace's greater brilliancy is evened up by Howland's good strokes, played with persistency and steadiness.

BUDLONG CUTS A CONSIDERABLE FIGURE in the result of the Intercollegiate also, for while he is neither so brilliant as Chace nor so steady as Howland, he plays good tennis and improves with every tournament he goes through. Parker, who won the Yale championship, may be a contestant, but it is hardly likely he can win from any one of the other three, though after Newport and some of its surprising results it seems impossible to figure on a player's form. Howland therefore appears to be Yale's main-stay for the championship, while Princeton cannot be considered in the struggle, since Thompson, who was defeated by Budlong in the Interscholastic tournament at Newport, is not yet good enough to have his chances seriously considered. If Wrenn does not compete Harvard's interests are also likely to be neglected, although Budlong is said to be looking towards Cambridge, and it has even been hinted that Larned may wear the crimson next year. Both he and Wrenn are just now ineligible to represent the respective universities of which they are at present undergraduates. Chace will wear Brown's colors. The scope of this Intercollegiate championship should be extended. There ought to be representatives from Pennsylvania, Amherst, Dartmouth, Lehigh, Williams, Wesleyan, and, in fact, from all where lawn-tennis is played sufficiently to hold an annual college championship.

THERE WILL BE MUCH CAUSE FOR REGRET if the rumors that Hobart and Hovey will not play again are founded on fact. They are much too young to leave the game, and the game, moreover, is much too young, or, let us say, rather, undeveloped, to lose two such exponents. One of the chief reasons why tennis grows no faster in this country is because men drop out of it at so early an age, while in England they play, on an average, nearly ten years longer. It is a mistake to fancy that one must systematically play through the entire tennis season in order to be in form for the Newport tournament, and that fact is, in the writer's opinion, proved by the reversal of Hobart's form two weeks before Newport, and in the championship tournament itself. Hobart began playing in '93 with the opening of the tennis season. He attended every tournament of any note, and played invincibly until at Chicago. There, in the doubles, he began to show symptoms of going stale. Had he stopped playing then very likely he would have come out all right, but he kept on until finally beaten by Budlong, a player two classes below him. No man needs three months of continuous play to put him in form; as many weeks will do it. Indeed, the players who enter tournaments only occasionally, but get a bit of play on private courts daily, usually come up at tournaments in good improving form. The form of the average player may readily be maintained by this private court practice and a tournament now and then. But the condition is another matter. It is that which defeats many a man, who mistakes it for form.

THE PLAYER WHO WILL GET A BIT of practice regularly on his own court, and three weeks before the national tournament begin earnestly to get into physical condition to stand a hard five-set match, will be certain to give a good account of himself. He is very apt to play better at the end of the tournament than at the beginning. A man wants a little left in him to call on in any contest. Hobart and Wrenn illustrate the two extremes; one went into the game overtrained, the other undertrained. The first went stale; the second worked up to his best form on the eventful day, and played the match of his life. If there is nothing in this, no one can deny that it is a striking coincidence, particularly as this year's experience is not unique, at least so far as Hobart is concerned. Last year it was the same with him to a certain degree. He played well during the first of the season, and played a great deal, but when it came to the final test at Newport he fell even earlier than he did this year.

The chief point to be made in this digression is an argument against the dropping out of the game by men like Hobart and Hovey or Campbell when they enter upon their business careers. Knapp was never a brilliant player, and his game and skill are not nearly equal to either Hobart's or Hovey's, yet with only a couple of tournaments each year, and the practice which every man can get after business hours in the long summer afternoons, he always puts up a strong game, and one that has defeated Hovey and made Hobart's winning very uncertain at Saratoga. It is a plea for the advancement of our standard that I am making, for with the Hobarts, Hoveys, and Campbells dropping out, our national game must drop just that many points in its general excellence.

THE CHOICE OF "VIGILANT" TO DEFEND the *America's* Cup against the British challenger *Valkyrie* meets the approval of all sportsmen. It was the only possible selection the New York Yacht Club committee could make on the performances of the four 85-footers in the trial races; but it would be interesting, more so than instructive, to hear the committeemen's reasons for making the *Colonia* second choice over *Jubilee*, as they did by requesting Mr. Rogers to keep his yacht in commission until the international race as a reserve boat in case *Vigilant* broke down in the mean time. No yachtsman who has watched the two is undecided in his opinion that *Jubilee* is the better in all-round work; aside from which *Colonia's* marked failing in falling off to leeward in windward work must stamp her as an uncertain representative. She is marvellously fast in running free and in footing, but equally remarkable in falling off the wind.

"JUBILEE," ON THE OTHER HAND, in her races has shown good all-round work superior to *Colonia*, and only little below the high standard maintained throughout by *Vigilant*. There are even yachtsmen who believe *Jubilee*, with a good crew and some little strengthening of her rigging, would prove faster in every kind of weather than *Vigilant*. This department from the first has had great faith in General Paine's production. We believe there is very little difference in the two, that *Vigilant* is a better drifter in light airs, because of her Tobin bronze bottom, that they are about equal in moderate weather, and *Jubilee* the faster in a blow. *Jubilee* was unfortunate in being obliged to ship a new crew in the middle of the season, and more disastrous still were the accidents to rigging on important days. However, this is more or less idle retrospection, since the trials have been sailed and choice made on the showing in those races. *Vigilant* unquestionably gave the best all-round exhibition, since she did not break down, no errors were made in her handling, and she won two of the events, and made a dead heat in the third. A break-down threw *Jubilee* out of the first trial altogether, delayed her seven minutes on the third at the very start, and handicapped her all through the race by a crippled gaff; and in the second trial an unaccountable blunder of her skipper at the first mark threw her from first to third place.

But all these matters go to make up the fortunes and misfortunes of racing, and are not to be considered in the final result. It was too bad *Jubilee* met with accident, of course, but it should have been provided against. *Vigilant's* gaff did not break, neither did her skipper make a blunder. The Morgan-Iselin boat was handled to perfection, and looked a winner all over from her second race; she earned the right to defend the *America's* Cup. But if she should break down before the international, it seems incredible the committee would ignore the *Jubilee's* work and choose *Colonia*, and yet it looks very much that way just now.

Aside from the merits of his boat, General Paine's every yachting venture invariably enlists our full sympathy. He is a thorough-bred sportsman; four times he has built defenders of the yachting championship, and each time at his own expense. This year, in addition to paying all the bills, he has turned designer, and with what success may be appreciated from the fact that the Herreshoffs, with all their experience in boat designing and building, and two 85-footers to experiment on, were able on a *carte-blanche* order to beat the Paine creation by so narrow a margin as to leave doubts in the minds of many as to *Vigilant's* superiority.

THE THIRD TRIAL RACE came on Monday while our last issue was on the press, and it brought the twenty-knot breeze and housed topmasts we had all been wishing for to finally determine which of our cup-defenders is the fastest in comparatively heavy weather, and to test her on the points of sailing said to be *Valkyrie's* strongest. The showing of *Vigilant, Jubilee,* and *Colonia* was good enough to make us confident of not losing our yachting supremacy, but the work of *Vigilant* was very fine; though personally I should say that *Jubilee's* performance was the best of the day, taking everything into consideration. *Jubilee* broke her gaff just after the preparatory signal, and a rough job at repairing enabled her to cross the line seven minutes and six seconds after *Vigilant* and *Colonia*. With a mainsail wrinkled at the leech, a sagging peak, stay-sail and halyard blocks smashed just before reaching the first mark, which she was obliged to stand away to windward of so as not to tear her sail, in order to run down and tack around it, she, nevertheless, finished 8 min. and 19 sec. after *Vigilant*, and 2 min. and 16 sec. after *Colonia*, while the *Pilgrim*, which started at the same time as *Jubilee*, crossed the line about fifteen minutes after.

If these figures mean anything, they certainly show that *Jubilee*, in her crippled condition, was beaten by *Vigilant* on actual elapsed time, 1 min. 13 sec., and that the Paine boat, in the same crippled condition, beat *Colonia* on elapsed time about five minutes. The query naturally arises, What would *Jubilee* have done had she started on even terms and met with no accidents?

IT WAS A GREAT VICTORY FOR "VIGILANT" to have beaten *Colonia* and *Pilgrim*, which had been regarded by many as invincible in a heavy blow. *Pilgrim* especially had been reported a "holy terror" in piping breezes, and her owners and admirers have prayed for cyclonic weather from the first day of the trial races. They got it on Monday, but it only served, so far as *Pilgrim* was concerned, to strengthen the prevailing opinion of her. The very conditions under which even those who thought her a failure surmised she would be fast, found her farther behind than in light airs. She not only kept falling astern but to the leeward, and at no time during the thirty miles was she holding her own. The *Colonia* performed in the same old way, footing very fast, but falling to leeward with equal rapidity. *Jubilee* pleased her admirers by her high pointing despite the crippled condition. But the most gratifying surprise of the day was the way *Vigilant* weathered the rather heavy seas. She did not stand up so stiffly as *Colonia*, perhaps, but she stood up stoutly enough for all purposes, and much better than it was thought she could from her work early in the season.

Amidst the condolences on one side and congratulations on the other, there is one common ground on which all American yachtsmen meet in general rejoicing, and that is that our national type of boat, a centreboarder, is the chosen defender, and *Jubilee*, too, which is certainly second best, has a centreboard, though, truth to tell, she is not of the conventional type.

THE FACT THAT *Navahoe* won the Brenton Reef cup by a couple of seconds on time allowance does in no wise alter the verdict on that most inconsistent performer, and the result of the Cape May cup race over practically the same course (western extremity of the Isle of Wight—Needles—to and around the breakwater at Cherbourg, France, and return—120 miles) a couple of days later proves the point well taken. In the first race *Navahoe* was but 54 seconds behind; in the second she finished over 36 minutes after the *Britannia*. The history of the *Navahoe* is not very creditable to her designers, the Herreshoffs. From the time she was first put overboard she has required tinkering, and has apparently never been able to sail two consecutive races in the same form. The only notable circumstance concerned with the *Navahoe's* European experience is the indomitable persistency of her owner, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, who has stuck to her in the face of most discouraging accidents, troubles with crew, unpleasant remarks of fellow-countrymen, and lukewarm backing of his club. Whatever little the *Navahoe* has achieved in British waters is due solely to the indefatigable energy of Mr. Carroll, who has accomplished more than was expected with a boat that as a racing yacht is a distinct failure. And that the trouble comes not, as the Herreshoffs claimed, from her being intended for a cruiser rather than a racer, is shown by her failing on windward work, just as does *Colonia*, the second Herreshoff 85-footer.

The Cape May and Brenton Reef cups (illustrated and described in a comparatively recent issue of the WEEKLY) were won by Sir Richard Sutton's English cutter *Genesta* in '85 from the *Dauntless;* no American yacht had raced for them on the other side until this year.

THE LARCHMONT SCHOONER RACE on Saturday developed the best sport of the season, and put *Lasca*, last year's winner, again at the head, the place in which she seems rightfully to belong. *Ariel* and *Emerald*, this year's new two-stickers, were expected to dispute the title, especially *Ariel*, which has had an almost unbroken round of conquests since she was launched. *Emerald* promised well at first, but her work this season, as well as *Lasca's*, up to Saturday, had not been nearly so good as that of *Ariel*. The old *Dauntless* was the other entry, and she sailed in great form. The wind, at first light and puffy, increased, until it became a hurricane, and the boats finished with only lower working sails. *Lasca* continued to draw ahead, and covered the 35 knots in 3h. 53m. 49s., the second to finish being *Ariel*, which had consumed 4h. 9m. 54s.; *Emerald* 11 minutes later, and *Dauntless* one minute behind her. Corrected time found their positions unchanged. The cup for which they sailed is the most unique trophy ever offered.

THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS, held on the South-Side Ball Grounds at Chicago, brought out four remarkably good performances and a lot of ordinary ones. With the exception of these four, and Puffer's fine work in the hurdles, the games were little above mediocrity. Added to this was the further fact that the events did not go off promptly, and the programme dragged out an hour longer than necessary. The $\frac{1}{3}$-mile track was in fairly good condition, and as fast as the average, while there was abundant provision for the field events. The starting by H. S. Cornish was perfect, and there was nothing to mar the afternoon but the tedious way the events dawdled along and a bad mistake of the judges in picking the second and third in the 100-yards flat. Probably there were 1500 spectators, not more, and the day proved that track athletics have not yet reached the plane they should obtain in the West. The meeting showed also that the folly of the last few years in attracting the rag-tag and bobtail has begun to make itself felt. The old element is fast disappearing, the old spirit dying out, and the spectators we used to see have already scattered, and unless athletic governors and managers shape their course between the amateur buoys, the only true and winning way, they will founder on the rocks of public opinion as sure as grass grows and water runs. The Chicago Club has an opportunity of doing great good or great harm to Western athletics, and there is no time like the present for beginning.

THE TRACK EVENTS hardly compare with last year's, when the 100 and 220 were done in 10 and $21\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, against $10\frac{1}{5}$ and $22\frac{1}{5}$ this year. The 440 and 880 in 50 and $1.58\frac{3}{5}$, against $50\frac{2}{5}$ and $2.01\frac{4}{5}$. Mile run last year $4.27\frac{4}{5}$; this, $4.32\frac{4}{5}$; 5-mile, $25.54\frac{2}{5}$ and $26.08\frac{3}{5}$; mile walk, $6.41\frac{1}{5}$ and $6\ 44\frac{1}{5}$; 3-mile walk, $22.27\frac{1}{5}$ and $23.44\frac{3}{5}$; 120-yards hurdles, $15\frac{3}{5}$ and 16 sec.; 220-yard hurdles, $25\frac{2}{5}$ last year and this; high jump, 6 ft. and 5.11; broad jump, 22 ft. 6 in., but this year $23.4\frac{1}{2}$; pole vault, 11 ft. and 10 ft. 6 in.; shot, $43.3\frac{1}{4}$ and 47 ft.; hammer, 140 ft. 11 in., and this year 134 ft. 8 in. only; 56 lb., $34.8\frac{3}{4}$ and $34.5\frac{1}{2}$. In the standing high and broad jumps of the new events added to the programme the records were untouched, but in the running hop, step, and jump, E. B. Bloss made a world's record, 48 ft. 6 in.; in the pole vault for distance, A. H. Green, the old Harvard man, did 27 ft. 5 in., a world's record, and J. S. Mitchell also raised the record to 15 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. throwing 56 lb. for height. These and George Gray's great put of the 16-lb. shot, 47 ft., constitute the records of the meeting, though Puffer's $25\frac{3}{5}$ over the low hurdles equalled his own record over a course, with a turn. Of these, the distance pole-vaulting and 56 lb. for height are games very little practised or the records would not be where they are.

THERE SEEMS TO BE LITTLE INTEREST and less improvement in the walks, and they ought to be taken off the programme as useless. The one and three mile records, $6.29\frac{3}{5}$ and $21.09\frac{1}{5}$, made by F. P. Murray in '83, have never been even approached. The English programme is more sensible than ours; it leaves off the one and three miles, but puts in a seven-mile walk. If we must cultivate that ungainly, artificial stride, let us have endurance with it. Maybe we can kill off the walkers and do away with the event.

Comparing our '93 championship records with the English, we find their performance average far better than ours—100 yards, .10; 440, $.49\frac{1}{5}$; 880, $1.55\frac{1}{4}$; mile, $4.22\frac{1}{5}$; 120 hurdle, $.16\frac{3}{5}$; 16-lb. shot, 42.9; pole vault, 11 ft. 2 in.; high jump 6 ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.; broad jump, 21 ft. 11 in.

THE SPRINTS BROUGHT OUT FOUR MEN who are new to championship honors, though two of them have been running some time. Stage, Spence, Skillinger, and Buckholtz were the best of the lot, and the first is a good yard faster than any one of them, or any other sprinter on the track to-day. He has a clean, pretty stride, and we shall hear more of him anon; he seems the most likely man of the day to touch the present records, though I do not expect to see him do it. He looks fit to run in even time, and no more, at least in his present form. Spence is an improving $.10\frac{1}{5}$ man. Buckholtz fairly earned second place in the 100 yards, but the judges got mixed and left him out entirely. Neither Carr nor Waldon, the Canadians, turned up. But Orton turned up a winner in the mile, and Conneff went to pieces, broken up by his own disregard of training and other common-sense rules. This left Willie Day an easy thing in the five miles, quite as easy as had Puffer running in both high and low hurdles, Sweeney in the high jump, Gray in the shot, Mitchell in the 56-lb. hammer, and Schwaner in the standing high and broad jumps. The only contests of the day were in the quarter, which Allen pluckily won in crippled condition; the half, where Morris led half the way and was beaten out for even the place by Rowe, with Turner first; and in the mile walk, where Shearman won from Liebgold after a good struggle. Collis was outclassed in the 3-mile walk, and Liebgold won easily in slow time. Reber and Bloss fought out the running broad jump, but the latter could not get above 22.6, while Reber did $23.4\frac{1}{2}$, and would probably have broken his record if the wind had not been against him.

Despite the four world's records, it left the impression of being, on the whole, an uninteresting meeting.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER.

The arrival in Washington some two weeks ago of the Chinese Minister, Yang Yu, was followed speedily by his presentation to Secretary Gresham of the Emperor's protest against the enforcement of the Geary law, and for this reason, as well as because of his unique personality, the Oriental envoy is at present the most conspicuously prominent of the foreign diplomats at the capital. Yang Yu reached Washington August 30th, after a stay of several weeks in San Francisco, and on September 4th, accompanied by four elaborately attired attachés, he presented his credentials to the President. His protest against the obnoxious deportation statute was filed with the Secretary of State on September 11th.

The new Minister, who succeeds Tsui Kwo Yin, recalled in disgrace because of his affiliation with Mitkiewicz's disastrous financial ventures, is about fifty years of age, and physically short and quite stout, with a round full face. His eyes are dark and piercing, peering out from beneath a high forehead, and he wears the thin black mustache and goatee that are distinctive of the Oriental. He moves about with the air of dignified self-possession which also is characteristic of high-bred Chinamen. In rank Yang Yu is but a few degrees removed from royalty, and he comes to the United States as a more influential representative of the Emperor and one of greater prestige than any of his predecessors. He is favorably known to the foreign residents in China, whose esteem he won by his energetic attention to their interests at the time of the riots at Wuhu, and he is reputed to be an enlightened and very broad-minded official.

The new envoy travels in great splendor, and when he disembarked from the *Gaelic* at San Francisco, August 15th, he was followed by a suite of eighty-two persons, whose baggage, as weighed at the custom-house, aggregated eighty tons. All of these attachés did not accompany Yang Yu to Washington, however; some of them being destined for diplomatic service at Madrid and at Lima, as the Minister is accredited to those capitals as well as to Washington. In the suite were several young Chinamen who have been educated at American colleges, and of whom one of the cleverest is Mun Jew Chung, still remembered at Yale as the coxswain of one of the university crews.

Next to their flowing robes of silk and brocade, their odd parti-colored hats, and the other articles of attire in which the Minister and his suite were magnificently costumed, the people of San Francisco and Washington have been most directly interested in the women of the party—the Minister's wife, the five ladies of rank who attend her, and her two daughters who are fast approaching the "coming-out" age, and may eventually make their début in the society of the capital. Mrs. Yang Yu herself is rarely visible to profane eyes. In accordance with Chinese custom, she lives a life of almost hermitlike seclusion, dining alone and seeing no one, for visitors are not permitted to enter her apartment.

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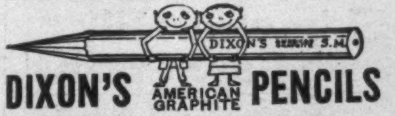

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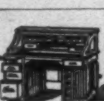

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